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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.

THE proceedings of the House of Commons yesterday week had a little more liveliness than those of the opening day. At question-time, after Mr. DODD had once more expressed Radical greed in the matter of St. Katharine's Hospital, some of his fellows opened on the Matabele affair, and Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON was suppressed by the SPEAKER for talking about "murder." Not much was got out of Mr. BUXTON, however; and after other questions about the Afghan Mission, the Equalisation of Rates, Boards of Arbitration, and so forth, the Parish Councils debate was resumed. It might have gone as quietly as it did the day before, and on the whole was not excited or exciting; but some liveliness was infused by a singular outburst of the Under-Secretary for India, "in his capacity of private member," on the wickedness of the English squire and parson, and the angelic qualities of the agricultural labourer. Taking this speech in connexion with Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL's recent signature of a somewhat irreverent and wholly idiotic circular about Home Rule and the Incarnation, we fear that he is already exhibiting that wonderful and melancholy effect of adherence to Mr. GLADSTONE on persons previously of considerable intellectual endowment, of which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is the standing awful example.

Monday in Parliament was eminently the Day of the Acts of Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR. After some badgering of a rather futile character about Matabeleland, the question of future business was brought on, with especial reference to the Evicted Tenants' question in Ireland. Mr. MORLEY, having rather shabbily endeavoured to shift the onus on the Opposition leader, Mr. BALFOUR scored point one by remarking that he must see the Government's whole scheme on the subject before giving any opinion about a part of it. Then the Parish Councils Bill coming up again, and Mr. ACLAND having made a Fowlerian and conciliatory address, Mr. BALFOUR, speaking second, drew a contrast between this tone and that of Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, dismissed the latter's speech as "exaggerated rubbish," and elicited from Mr. GLADSTONE a disclaimer (characteristically qualified, but pretty decided) of agreement with it. Lastly, when the allotted time of talk on this Bill had ceased, and the subject of business was revived rather acrimoniously by divers private members

crying for their children, the Opposition leader got out of the difficulty by suggesting that the Government should look over the private members' Bills, and select some to further. Whereat everybody, as the Greek tag has it, "praised, and bade do it."

On Tuesday, at question-time, Sir EDWARD GREY rather fenced with Mr. BOWLES's inquisitiveness about the, to say the least, questionable manoeuvres of the *Pallas* at Bangkok; and Mr. BUXTON was supported by a due official ignorance against questions about South Africa, of which Captain NORTON's demand, whether the Company's Charter was going to be revoked, was only the most absurd. Mr. GLADSTONE expressed the confidence of the Government that the British navy is all that heart can ask or tongue can speak, and platitudinized about arbitration. Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, complaining in a high strain of Mr. BALFOUR's attack on him, because of its supposed attribution to him of Mr. MORLEY's beautiful, beautiful words about "golden grain" (see cover of *The Argosy*, a most respectable publication), was brought down plump from his altitudes by Mr. BALFOUR's mild reply that, as a matter of fact, he had done nothing of the sort, but had duly given the CHIEF SECRETARY the credit. Then the Parish Councils Bill was read a second time without division, after a weary and mostly unreal debate, in which Mr. BARTLEY and Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN talked blunt and unpopular sense, Mr. EVERETT ingeniously avowed that the Bill was intended to "kill Toryism" (you might as well try to kill the Law of Excluded Middle), and Mr. GOSCHEN sped the thing on its way to Committee with something not altogether unlike a *Vade in pace*. There were still ominous grumblings from the more intransigent Gladstonians, and both Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. WOODS, being refused their "days" for Matabeleland and the Coal Strike, threatened to take them per motion of adjournment. This, with at least forty fooling like one on these matters, they may not impossibly do.

Wednesday's Parliamentary proceedings were respectable, but presented few opportunities for comment. Parish Councils having been succeeded by Employers' Liability, there was some skirmishing over the question of recommitment. Then Mr. McLAREN moved his amendment empowering workmen to use their own judgment in contracting themselves out of the Bill or not. Mr. ASQUITH, obedient at the crack of the Trade-Union whip, opposed it, and the debate was adjourned.

Lords. The House of Lords met and sat for a short time on *Thursday*.

Commons. In the Commons a dramatic situation was provided by the conjunction of the news of a fresh victory over the Matabele and of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S motion for the adjournment on that subject. This motion being (for reasons) supported by all the Anti-Parnellites, Mr. LABOUCHERE proceeded to bestow some of the best terms of privileged abuse, such as "swindling," upon the Company, and to demand its instant suppression and total abolition. Mr. MAGUIRE defended it cleverly, but a little attorneyishly; Mr. BALFOUR on the broad and unassailable principle that it had merely done what it had received power to do, and the further ground that he for one did not regret having given it the power. On the side of the Government Mr. BUXTON made a cautious, but tolerably firm, exposition of what would or might be done, and Mr. GLADSTONE, who was apparently not pleased with Mr. LABOUCHERE, was pretty decided also. Then small fry chiefly talked the motion to its inevitable defeat without division, and the rest of the night was left to virtuous dulness and the Employers' Liability Bill.

Politics out of Parliament. A letter of a very characteristic kind was on Tuesday published from Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. WOODS, M.P., refusing a day for the Eight Hours Bill. A very comical meeting of the London Liberal and Radical Union was held on Monday, which breathed fire and faggot against the Government for being shaky on the "London Programme." So much afraid were the Gladstonians of this that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL was dispatched to stop the revolt, and he, with much ado, succeeded in getting the intended resolution changed to one of censure on the obstructive tactics of the Opposition. From which it would appear either that the L.L. and R.U. does not know its own mind, or that it never heard of the obstructive tactics of the Opposition till Sir CHARLES told it of them, or that it is capable of being wheedled into voting black white to please its leaders.

On Tuesday Mr. GLADSTONE received a deputation representing Poor Law Guardians in reference to the Parish Councils Bill. Matters were getting lively between the Parnellite party in Ireland and the Government on the subject of evictions.

On Wednesday Mr. MORLEY spoke at Manchester in that "Père DUCHÈNE" tone which is too common with him now. He railed in good set terms at Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, the Duke of ARGYLL, the House of Lords generally, the *Quarterly Review*, the "British majority," and so forth. And he discovered that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is "a first-rate man of letters." A new SPENSER might be inspired to write a new "Canto of Mutability" by remembering that there was a time when Sir GEORGE was a clever man, and when Mr. MORLEY knew a first-rate man of letters *in esse* from a *ci-devant* second-rate one. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE had landed in Ireland for his Ulster visit.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Nothing much was added this day week to the South African news, except that grave fears were entertained for the safety of Captain GWYNYDD WILLIAMS. Continental, especially German and Austrian, papers were still busy with the Franco-Russian business, and were agreeing that it was something of a blow for England. It was said that Lord ROSEBURY had formally reassured the Spanish Ministry as to England's intentions in Morocco—a matter on which surely no reassurance was needed. The Austrian crisis continued. It was rumoured from America that President CLEVELAND intends to reverse the high-handed proceedings of his predecessor towards Queen LILIUOKALANI of Hawaii; but that, *per contra*, the

United States Government was giving almost indecent aid to President PEIXOTO, in fear of the Accursed Thing Monarchy being restored in Brazil.

The news of Saturday evening and Monday morning was full of moving accidents. A frightful disaster had occurred at Santander; a ship (luckily not an English one), laden with a mild and well-assorted cargo of "spirits, petroleum, and dynamite," having caught fire and blown up, destroying some sixty houses, killing from three to four hundred persons, and injuring more than twice as many. A still stranger affair was reported from Rio, where a party of English blue-jackets, engaged on shore in sand-digging, had been, somehow or other, blown up by the explosion of a "powder magazine" (*lege* "mine"?), with the loss of at least two officers, a boatswain, and an A.B. killed, with five more wounded. The explosion cannot have been accidental, as the party is said to have been "mis-taken for insurgents." Some more details arrived from Africa of what we are now to call the Battle of the Shangani, which would appear to have been a little less decisive, as well as less of a mere slaughter, than first reported. LOBENGULA was in the Matopo Hills, and had not, apparently, made any attempt for the Zambesi. The excuse for the shooting of his Indunas by the Bechuana Police was lamer and lamer. There was report of friction between the Government and the departments in Egypt; the French colliers' strike was quite over; M. NIZON was still talking; King OSCAR of Sweden and Norway had made a speech on the crisis which the blessing of Home Rule has brought about in those countries; and Prince WINDISCHGRÄTZ, in Austria, was in the *parlo post futurum* tense of the verb "I form a Ministry."

There was a little news from South Africa on Tuesday morning to the effect that the Company's men were beating up the Matabele kraals. From the West Coast came the rather serious news that the Ashantees had murdered their king (this was denied later), and were attacking British allies. Our innumerable Ashantee wars have always been very troublesome, and never (even in the most famous instance) extraordinarily successful, so that this is ill tidings. Very little fresh was heard about the Santander and Rio explosions. The French Government had made a new application that Dr. HERZ should be charged, with a view to his extradition. The King of SIAM had taken a kindly farewell of Captain JONES, the British Minister at Bangkok, who was coming home on furlough, leaving a very capable *locum tenens* in Mr. J. G. SCOTT.

News from South Africa on Wednesday morning was shaded with gloomier touches, as was, indeed, inevitable after the unwise exaggeration of the first reports. The *Daily News* Correspondent at Fort Salisbury confessed that LOBENGULA was anything but a beaten fugitive, that the Matabele had been retaking cattle pretty freely, and that the small losses of the whites in the Shangani battle had been obtained by a rather heavy expense of Makalaka auxiliaries. There was also rumour of trouble further north on the Shiré, and on the whole there were fresh reasons for being glad that when the British Empire was a-founding no telegraph existed. Imagine Dr. CLARK and Mr. MORTON on the Rohilla war! The report of Drs. BROUARDEL and DIEULAFOY claiming their pound of HERZ was published, there were lively prophecies of a Brazilian faction fight at sea outside New York (it is to be hoped the excursion steamers will not get in the way this time), and the Melilla business seemed to be getting more and more troublesome for the Spaniards.

On Wednesday afternoon and Thursday morning came news of a fresh, and creditable, brush with the Matabele. Two impis had attacked the rearguard of the Imperial column, which Colonel GOOLD-ADAMS, with a Company's contingent led by Commandant

RAAF under his orders, is leading on Bulawayo. The fighting, though on a less extensive scale than that at the Shangani, was no mere laager work, but close-quarter combat; and the Matabele were handsomely beaten off, with two English non-commissioned officers killed and a few wounded, including Mr. SELOUS. But it takes a great deal to kill Mr. SELOUS. KHAMA'S men had fought capitally. A fresh disaster was added to the run of Spanish ill-luck just now, the Barcelona Anarchists, who seem to be the worst of their atrocious kind, having thrown bombs during a performance at the theatre, and killed, directly or indirectly, some thirty persons. The KHEDIVE was said to have done good work in oiling down the friction above referred to; which, if true, shows that the opinions of ABBAS Pasha's good sense were well founded, and the hopes of his ill-will groundless. The Emperor of AUSTRIA was alleged to have at last consented to the introduction of the Hungarian Civil Marriage Bill. In the United States the Republicans had gained largely, and rather unexpectedly, in the State elections.

News came on Thursday afternoon of a third and, as it was hoped, final engagement with the Matabele, in which their whole force had once more flung itself on the advancing columns of the Company in laager, and had been mowed down by the machine-guns, there being no hand-to-hand fighting, as in Colonel GOOLD-ADAMS'S case. Bulawayo had been burnt and blown up by the KING'S orders, the two Englishmen left there being kindly treated. It was said—we hope falsely—that KHAMA had left the Imperial camp in some dudgeon. This prince is the best native chief in Africa, and has been of incalculable service to us.

The Coal Strike. The Conference of masters and men was duly held yesterday week; but no decision either way was arrived at on the first day of meeting. Nor was Saturday's renewal of discussion much more profitable. Mr. PICKARD, as Autocrat of All the Miners, was utterly stubborn, persisted in representations of so-called fact which have been again and again proved to be erroneous, and, as Mr. HEWLETT, one of the owners, put it with the simplest truth, insisted that the masters "should enter into a gigantic combination against the public." That is the case in a nutshell. There is some slight difference as to the terms on which the disputants actually parted; but it would seem that, while the masters offer to set aside the fifteen per cent. they demanded, to be allotted according to the result of arbitration, the men insist on the old rate during the whole of this winter, and an absolute minimum of thirty out of the contested forty per cent. over 1888 wages as the standard for all time to come. This is simply, what Mr. HEWLETT calls it, "a gigantic combination against the public," who from this date, if they contribute one farthing towards the so-called "support of wives and children," are even more fools than "the public" is wont to be.

The principal import of Tuesday morning's news was that the miners—comforted apparently by the evil counsel of Mr. PICKARD, the interested mischief-making of some Gladstonian papers, the subscriptions of the more idiotic part of the public, and the "levy" on the men who are working—were hardening their hearts. The attention of that Correspondent of the *Times* who stated last week that there was nothing, ethically speaking, to choose between the sides may be directed to the statement that a public-house at Wigan, the landlord of which had refused blackmail to the colliers, was attempted and seriously damaged by dynamiters on Monday. We repeat that we have not heard of Mr. CHAMBERS, or Mr. HEWLETT, or Mr. BIDDER, Q.C., or any master expending so much as one dynamite cartridge on the Arcadian hearths and homes of Mr. PICKARD and Mr. WOODS.

On Tuesday the ill-will of the miners was confirmed

by a Federation manifesto; there was fresh violence in Lancashire; and in London a meeting of silly women and sillier men met to urge subscriptions for the "wives and children." This senseless and suicidal charity—but for which the strike would have broken down long ago, and the industries of England would have been relieved of paralysis—is best characterized in the words of a Correspondent of the *Times* who signs himself "C. F. M. B.":—"Those who contribute to this fund are imposing starvation on the poor for the sake of giving luxuries to the comparatively rich."

More district meetings of colliers on Wednesday resolved to continue idling and spunging, instead of working for a minimum average pay at least double that of the agricultural labourer. Certain Gladstonian members of Parliament—it is sufficient to say that Mr. CONYBEARE, whose own mining constituents take about half the said average, was one of the company—encouraged them in this laudable way; and the price of coal in London went up to two pounds a ton.

The Law Courts. The breach of promise action against the Sultan of JOHORE was dismissed by the Queen's Bench Division this day week, on the very proper ground, established by evidence from the Foreign Office, that the SULTAN is an independent Sovereign, with a post-office and everything handsome, so that the English Courts have no jurisdiction over him.—A decree *nisi* was obtained in the Divorce Court in a case which turned on the theory and practice of "scientific religion." This is not a new faith, one JONATHAN SWIFT, a Doctor in more than one kind of divinity, criticized it thoroughly in a work called *A Tale of a Tub* just two hundred years ago.—On Wednesday the much-talked-of Mr. HARNES, of Medical Battery notoriety, was charged with conspiracy to defraud; and Mr. J. H. WILSON, M.P., was taught by the Court of Appeal the sense of a certain admirable maxim about persons who play at bowls.—Mr. WILSON had yet another lesson from the Court of Appeal on Thursday, and the HERZ case was brought up at Bow Street, but not formally.

Games. An interesting match at Tennis was played and drawn this day week between Mr. ALFRED LYTTTELTON and SAUNDERS, at the old Brighton Tennis Court, which has just been rebuilt and reopened.—A football match, of interest greater than that of the crowd of such matches that now fill the papers, was played on Wednesday between a joint Oxford and Cambridge team and one representing London, the South of England, and the Midlands. The Universities won by a goal and a try to two tries.

Correspondence. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD wrote an interesting letter, published on Monday, on the Matabele business, which we notice elsewhere; there was more disturbance made about the woes of Dr. CORNELIUS HERZ; Sir THOMAS WADE smothered, with polite authority, a recent missionary scream about the opium trade; the strange affair at Southampton, in which Mr. ACLAND made himself a cat's-paw of Mr. YOXALL and the "Teachers' Union," was further discussed; and Colonel LONSDALE HALE made, anent the cock-and-bull story as to an examining officer prompting a candidate in a recent military examination, a protest suitable in size to the bull and in shrillness to the cock.

The London. The London County Council on Tuesday County Council, persisted in the puerile, and for public officials discreditable, resolve to stop all improvements because they are not allowed betterment.

Miscellaneous. It is well known that this *annus mirabilis* has been fertile in second crops of fruit. The gooseberry, which rarely fruits in November, has shared this peculiarity, and there was much talk last week of an earthquake which had positively rattled pots

and kettles in divers parts of England, and of a bomb-shell found on a buttress of Westminster Bridge.

On Tuesday a great part of the roof of Dover Station fell in, fortunately without hurting anybody, and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, at Bakewell, made reference to the University Extension Scheme, the further endowing of which had previously been recommended in a letter to the papers by Professor JEBB.

The double festivities of the PRINCE OF WALES'S birthday and Lord Mayor's Day were carried on successfully in London on Thursday. At the dinner in the latter case the Italian Ambassador had the warmest reception, while Lord SPENCER, Lord KIMBERLEY, and others spoke.

Obituary. M. TIRARD, who died this day week, was a very respectable man; but the fact that he had been twice Prime Minister of France was at once an epitome of and an epigram on the state of French statesmen nowadays.—Sir ANDREW CLARK, who died of a second attack of apoplexy, was exceedingly well known—first, as probably the most popular “all-round” doctor of the last decade or so; secondly, as Mr. GLADSTONE'S trainer and leech-of-the-body; thirdly, as particularly in vogue for persons who were, or thought themselves, overworked, “below par,” neurotic, dyspeptic, and subject to other unclassified ailments.—M. TSCHAIKOWSKY, who most unfortunately succumbed to cholera, was the most famous of Russian composers; and Mr. FRANCIS PARKMAN by far the most learned of American historians.

PARISH COUNCILS.

FROM one of the few Conservatives who spoke on the Parish Councils Bill—and, if we associate that party name with a definite political creed instead of an accidental Parliamentary position, they were few indeed—there fell two remarks in which we can unreservedly concur. We agree with him in deploring that the principle contained in the Bill should be “even indirectly supported by any party calling itself ‘Conservative’”; and we further approve of his resolve to offer no factious opposition to what he knew to be inevitable. To justify both positions it is only necessary to refer to one and the same passage in our past political history. The passing of the Parish Councils Bill is inevitable because a Unionist Government, acting under the exigencies of an alliance which Conservatives have to thank Mr. GLADSTONE for having forced upon them, passed a County Government Act five years ago; and their support of the Parish Councils Bill is to be deplored because it completes the policy embodied in that Act of substituting for a system of local administration, admitted by its very destroyers to be pure, efficient, and economical, though not called by the blessed name of “elective,” another system rejoicing in that blessed name, but expected, almost invited, to be extravagant, certain to be less efficient, and extremely likely to prove corrupt.

Thus much premised, we may now go on to add that, if the passing of a Parish Councils Bill be inevitable, not so is the acceptance of the Parish Councils Bill—that is, of the particular measure introduced by the Government—in the precise form in which they have introduced it. And to this we may append the acknowledgment that the official Opposition have chosen their ground with much judgment, that they have selected the right points of attack, and that the particular details in respect of which they are demanding a Ministerial revision of the measure are, in fact, those wherein it would gratuitously aggravate the negative objections to the joint policy of the two parties by positive mischiefs devised for the party purposes of

one of them. This attitude of the Opposition could hardly have been defined with greater clearness or defended with more power than in the masterly speech of their leader. The inherent dangers of the large financial responsibilities with which the Government propose to invest the parish councils, and the revolutionary recklessness with which they are attacking the constitution and mode of election of the Poor Law Guardians, were exhibited with admirable lucidity by Mr. BALFOUR. It is mainly on these two points that the energies of the Opposition should be concentrated. For the first time, as he pointed out, the Legislature is being invited to confer large taxing powers upon small bodies whose constituents will for the most part find none of the money by the lavish expenditure of which they hope to profit, and from the wasteful administration of which they cannot personally suffer. Unwise as was, in our opinion, the whole so-called reform of Local Government initiated in 1888 by the Unionists, this pernicious proposal is no necessary corollary of it, and the very least that the Unionists can now do in Opposition is to see that their example is not bettered to this indefensible extent by their adversaries.

For the contemplated tinkering with the Poor-law system there is even less excuse. It is ridiculous for the Government to put forward the pretence so destructively exposed in Mr. GOSCHEN'S able contribution to the debate, that this is a vital part of the Bill. It may be vital to the existence of the Government if they choose so to treat it; but it is in no sense essential to the life of a measure the main object of which is the establishment of certain local bodies who are themselves to have no direct concern whatever with the administration of the Poor-law. The Government have only got to confine their attention to this main object of their Bill, and the whole of Part II. would be almost automatically “shed.” Time and events, fortunately, will in all human probability conspire, as it is, to bring this result about. However Ministers may kick against it, it is sheer fatuity to suppose that, with only some thirty working Parliamentary days before them, and another Bill to pass, they can carry through a series of proposals which, though they only affect to deal with a fringe of the vast question to which they relate, it will be impossible to amend or even discuss in Committee without bringing the whole of that question under debate. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will undoubtedly have to reconsider his airy refusal to lighten the Bill by the abandonment of Part II. His reference to the judgment of SOLOMON and the mother who refused to divide her own child was not particularly felicitous. If the mother had had to choose between witnessing the suffocation of her child or consenting to its relief by a surgical operation, the cases would have been more nearly parallel. But then she would probably have given an answer to SOLOMON which would have been of no use to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

It seems from current political report to be the cue of the Government, since the division on the second reading of the Bill, to minimize the importance of its second part. They cling to it now, apparently, not because it is a “vital portion of the measure,” but because, after all, it really raises no question important enough to provoke—or, at any rate, reasonably to provoke—prolonged controversy. It is not as if they proposed to “touch the actual administration of the ‘Poor-law.’” They contemplate nothing of the kind, and they will disinterestedly and strenuously resist all attempts, even on the part of their own supporters, to bring that administration under review. All they ask is just to abolish *ex-officio* Guardians and the plural vote—institutions “opposed to the spirit of the age,” and therefore “doomed,” in the foolish cant of these days; and with that they will be content. Why the

proposed "reform" is to be dragged head and shoulders into a Bill dealing with a totally different matter Ministers do not trouble themselves to explain; but, of course, there is no reason why they should, since it is perfectly well understood already. The Bill has two sides to it, just as it has two kinds of apologists; and each side of it has its special variety of exponent. To Mr. FOWLER, as the representative of mild-mannered officialism, is entrusted the part of the candid, unpartisan legislator, anxious only to "complete the work" of his political adversaries, and work cordially with them for the good of the State. He, of course, is particularly great on the less Radical clauses of the Bill, and would have you believe that these are much nearer to the heart of the Government than anything else in the measure. But since this, though good Parliamentary, is bad electioneering business, and it would never do to neglect that branch of the Ministerial concerns, it is clear that there must be at least some speeches of a more militantly Radical character delivered from the Treasury Bench. Hence, without for a moment suggesting that the Under-Secretary for India took counsel of anybody or anything but himself and his own nobly democratic sentiments, we can quite understand that his sudden fling at the squire and parson came in very conveniently. Nor do we in the least wonder at his venerable chief's confession that the practice of making such speeches is one that he "desires, within limits, to revive."

And, indeed, we ourselves are glad that it has at any rate been revived *ad hoc*, as otherwise we should have lost what was in some respects the most interesting and instructive contribution to the debate. It is a little difficult to criticize, because the risk of misrepresenting Mr. RUSSELL seems to be as considerable as its consequences are serious. The dilemma which he presented to Mr. BALFOUR in connexion with this matter would have been a truly formidable one, except that between the horns there lay a delightfully smooth and easy road, along which the Leader of the Opposition tranquilly took his way amid the amusement of his hearers. But perhaps in any case Mr. RUSSELL attached a little too much importance to himself and his utterances, in suggesting either that it would have been worth Mr. BALFOUR'S while "deliberately to misrepresent" them, or that he would have been guilty of "culpable carelessness" if he had omitted to make himself acquainted with them. We may, however, take it now that Mr. RUSSELL did *not* say that the Parish Councils Bill would make desolate fields "wave with golden grain," but said, and has "invariably said, the opposite"—which ought to mean, if Mr. RUSSELL spoke with logical accuracy, that he has always said that the Parish Councils Bill would make golden-grained fields desolate, but which probably means, in fact, that he has only denied to that Bill the power of making the desert to blossom as the rose. What he does think the Bill will do, as he has since explained in a letter to the *Times*, is to give "another kind of prosperity than material gain" to the country districts—namely, that derived from introducing "political and civil freedom into the life of the rural community." These, he proudly adds, are the opinions of one who had his home among villagers "till he was past thirty"—living, we presume, not as one connected with the detested squire and parson party, but as a simple village boy himself. Whereby it has come to pass that he knows so much more of the villagers' wants and interest than the squire and parson themselves, and is able to exhibit those malefactors in their true and odious light.

THE METHODS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

THE triumphant action of the Barcelona Anarchists has probably but few sympathizers. True, most of the men, women, and children who were murdered and tortured for the crime of being able to take seats in the stalls probably belonged to "the classes." If we could only be sure of always hitting the stalls and boxes, without inconvenience to the pit and gallery, something might be urged by philanthropists in favour of private bombardiering. But shells in the pockets of philanthropists in the gallery are ticklish things; besides, a theatre may catch fire, and there is, at best, some inconvenience and a measure of danger in the confusion and crowd of a hurried exit, not to mention the loss of the pence paid for admission. It may not unjustly be argued that whoever has pennies to pay for pleasure is an enemy of the human race, and, in fact, very little, if at all, better than a member of the classes. This we admit; and an English Anarchist of the present century denounced as a traitor every person whose whole effects were worth 10*l*. But bombardiers may observe that they singularly strengthen the classes, and increase their numbers and influence, when they adopt these views, and commit themselves to these measures. There is also an element, an irrational element, in human nature, which automatically revolts against the indiscriminate torture and massacre even of well-dressed women and children. We would be quite the last to recommend, or palliate, prosecution for opinion; but we cannot conceal our apprehension that the Spanish and other nations may make some regrettable steps in this direction, that they may rage against avowed Anarchists in general, and may punish even persons found in a purely platonic possession of bombshells. The old pirates, some of whom stood for King JAMES III., whilst others were gentlemen of great courage and romantic bearing, were treated, when caught, with an intolerant absence of consideration. We are anxiously concerned to believe that the most pure and poetical philanthropists may possibly find themselves accommodated with ropes at very brief notice.

The methods of our ancestors were hasty. GUIDO FAWKES and other Catholic gentlemen, fighting for freedom of opinion and the release from abominably oppressive laws, had the misfortune to fall into an anarchistic order of proceedings. They were caught, and, as the ancients say, they did not die easily. Their little private and political secrets were extracted by the rack, which painfully strains the muscles and sinews, by red-hot pincers, and by a number of other disagreeable instruments. It is interesting to note that these legal modes of procuring information from reluctant witnesses have fallen into disuse through the general dislike of cruelty. They were, however, in political cases pretty efficacious, and perhaps the dislike of cruelty on one side may slowly, or even rapidly, disappear in face of the example set by the other side. No doubt it will require a good deal of bad example, or example at least injudicious, on the side of philanthropists, to overcome the acquired reluctance of the persons who are at present exposed by these philanthropists to death and torture of the most formidable kind. But terror is cruel, and the Spanish used not to be a very gentle people; and it may possibly occur to some minds that the ancestral methods were not without their value. Fortunately the modern spirit is such that a great deal of promiscuous bombardiering would not excite half so much general indignation as the use of the mildest pilniewinks on one notorious Anarchist. At worst he has a painless death, tempered by plenty of applause, bouquets of flowers, and a great deal of newspaper notoriety. These temptations to the use

of bombs on women and children are, no doubt, very attractive, and the chances of escape are numerous. Any dastardly scoundrel can lay down a bomb and run away. That is precisely where the danger lies, as the scoundrel cannot be caught, or not easily. Some of his friends, in some regrettable moment, may possibly be hanged to encourage the others. Ancestral passions are capable of being revived, and so are ancestral methods, which, on the whole, were found to work fairly well. Jesuits in Scotland and England, under JAMES and ELIZABETH, were much more rare than Anarchists are to-day. Yet these Jesuits were gentlemen of exemplary courage, whereas we conceive that the wilder Anarchists are rather regardless of their own skins. Nothing would suit their convenience less than the application of ancestral methods to their finger-nails.

INSUBORDINATE MINISTERS.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL has added another to the patriotic titles of his family who have vindicated the liberties of their country on the scaffold and on the platform. He has successfully claimed for Under-Secretaries of State a freedom of prophesying hitherto unacknowledged. He has made the claim by exercising the right. The old definition of an independent member, as a member who could not be depended upon, has in some degree lost its point through the disappearance of the class whom it described. The tradition of them remains; elderly members of the House of Commons recollect them, but the species has become practically extinct. So far as it survives at all, it survives where one would least expect to find it, on the Ministerial bench. It may still be the duty of Junior Lords of the Treasury to make a House, to keep a House, and to cheer the Minister. Under-Secretaries of State have the higher privilege of contradicting the Minister. Sir EDWARD GREY, very early in his as yet not unduly prolonged official career, corrected and disavowed Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL calmly sets aside the policy of the Government, to which he adheres by a kind of physical agglutination rather than by any vital incorporation; and, though he condescends to support the Parish Councils Bill, he does so on grounds which all the other members of the Government have carefully disavowed. To him it is a measure of war against the squire and the parson. *Guerre aux châteaux et aux presbytères.* He preaches a sort of Jacquerie. Holders of office outside the Cabinet are commonly described as subordinate members of the Government. If Mr. RUSSELL'S principles and practice are to obtain, they will be more properly styled insubordinate members of the Government. They are to have a freedom of opinion and speech not allowed to the responsible advisers of the Crown, each of whom is bound never to contradict any other.

This doctrine was formally accepted by Mr. GLADSTONE in the sentences with which he interrupted Mr. BALFOUR'S speech of Monday. He eulogized Mr. RUSSELL as leading the way to that better state of things which existed in Mr. GLADSTONE'S political youth. "In my 'early days,' he said, 'it was a common practice for members of the Government not in the Cabinet to enter into general debate, and I think it was a very good practice. It has very much gone into desuetude of late years, and I interrupted the right honourable gentleman because I thought that his remarks tended to check the revival of that practice, which, I confess, I wish to see, within limits, revived.' What do silenced and censored Radicals below the Gangway think of this claim on the part of the Treasury Bench? Mr. BALFOUR'S remarks assumed that Mr. RUSSELL'S speech embodied the opinion of the Front bench, an interpretation of it which met with the cry

"Not at all!" Apparently Mr. GLADSTONE wishes to see the practice revived of subordinate members of the Government getting up to contradict the opinion of the Cabinet. We would not advise any Junior Lord or Under-Secretary to act too boldly on this opinion, and to repeat on Mr. GLADSTONE the experiment which Mr. FOX tried on Lord NORTH. Mr. GLADSTONE says that "a member of the Government not in the Cabinet, and whose departmental labours are not in question, is never understood to speak for the Government." This phraseology is not very happy. A member of the Government not in the Cabinet is never put up to speak, except that he may speak to the best of his ability for the Government. All that Mr. GLADSTONE means, or at any rate all that is true in his assertion, is that a subordinate member of the Government has no authority to pledge the Government to anything. His indiscretions do not compromise it. This doctrine was laid down by Lord ALTHORP in 1831, who, in dissociating himself from a doctrine laid down by the Solicitor-General of Ireland, declared it to be contrary to Parliamentary usage "to make the Government responsible for any statement which 'may in the course of a debate be made by gentlemen who are not in the Cabinet.' But, though the Government is not responsible for its subordinate members, its subordinate members have a serious responsibility to it, as they will find if they take too seriously Mr. GLADSTONE'S doctrine of their freedom of opinion and speech. We doubt whether a reference to *Hansard* would confirm his impression that subordinate members fifty or sixty years ago had more liberty of Parliamentary speech than they have now. If so, and if the result was healthful, why has Mr. GLADSTONE, who has been four times Prime Minister, waited until now to invite its restoration? In all periods, subordinate members of the Government who could speak, from BURKE, and from Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Mr. STANLEY, and MACAULAY in their earlier days, and Sir JOHN GORST, Mr. PLUNKET, and Mr. RUSSELL now, have been put up in preference to inarticulate, but no doubt sagacious, Cabinet Ministers. But they have always been understood to speak from their briefs, and to have been guilty of a breach of discipline when they failed to do so. The PRIME MINISTER has no official sympathy with the Under-Secretary's denunciation of squire and parson. But Mr. GLADSTONE may be in closer agreement with Mr. RUSSELL, who has simply applied his doctrine of the classes and the masses. Mr. GLADSTONE'S dislike of the squire has not been concealed, and his reverence for the priest is mingled with a strange aversion from the squarson.]

SHOOTING BURGLARS.

THE pound of rather erudite theory as to the right or otherwise of householders to shoot persons whom they find occupying their premises, after a felonious breaking and entry, especially at night, which adorned the columns of the *Times* in the early part of last week, was followed with dramatically felicitous promptitude by an ounce of fact at the Manchester Assizes. The result must have gladdened the hearts of all whose sympathies are with the householder. Mr. Justice GRANTHAM must clearly be enrolled among the followers of the late Mr. Justice WILLES; and who could be in a better following? The story told of that great man and very learned judge is related by an ear-witness to the following effect. Mr. Justice WILLES was asked, "If I look into my drawing-room and see a burglar packing up the clock, and he cannot see me, what ought I to do?" He replied, as nearly as may be, "My advice to you, which I give as a man, as a lawyer, and as an English judge, is as follows.

"In the supposed circumstance, this is what you have a right to do, and I am by no means sure that it is not your duty to do it. Take a double-barrelled gun, carefully load both barrels, and then, without attracting the burglar's attention, aim steadily at his heart, and shoot him dead." Mr. Justice GRANTHAM had no occasion to commit himself so far, or so picturesquely, as this, because, in the case before him, the burglar did not die; but it is clear that if he had died it would have made no difference to the lawfulness of the householder's shooting.

The facts were these. LUKE HIGGINS was accused of feloniously wounding OWEN RILEY, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm. OWEN RILEY was a youthful burglar. He broke into Mr. HIGGINS's public-house, and wandered about, stealing money from the till, and gazing with covetous eyes upon the safe. The upshot was, that Mr. HIGGINS was aroused from sleep and went downstairs, revolver in hand. What was the exact state of things when he entered the kitchen where RILEY was is a question upon which there may be said to be a certain conflict of evidence, inasmuch as the statement of Mr. HIGGINS to the police and the evidence of RILEY at the trial do not agree. According to RILEY, Mr. HIGGINS entered the apartment unannounced, got a good view of his solitary victim by the light of the gas, and aimed at him in the style recommended by Mr. Justice WILLES. According to Mr. HIGGINS, he asked at the door who was there, and, upon receiving no answer, came in and saw in a very dim light the figure of a stranger "where no stranger should be," and therefore, in a state of much perturbation, and in complete ignorance of the numbers of the hostile force, fired at the figure he saw. Upon this discrepancy it may be observed, first, that thieves are always liars as well; and, secondly, that it is not unusual on going to bed and leaving gas burning in any part of the house to turn it much too low for convenience in revolver practice. In the light or in the dark Mr. HIGGINS made a very good shot, hitting RILEY from across the room in the chest, whereby RILEY nearly lost his life. Mr. Justice GRANTHAM held, upon the application of counsel for the defence, that the facts thus disclosed could not suffice for the conviction of Mr. HIGGINS. He was of opinion that Mr. HIGGINS did no more than he lawfully might in reasonable defence of his life and property, and that there was consequently no evidence against him of a felonious or unlawful shooting. He, therefore, directed an acquittal, and Mr. HIGGINS returned into private life with his character unspotted from the Court.

Without presuming to found upon what seem to be undeservedly scanty reports in the newspapers criticisms upon Mr. Justice GRANTHAM's exposition of the law, it may be said that, in a general way, the existence of the circumstances which justify the killing of a felon by a person who is not a constable must be a question of fact for the jury. Nobody suggests that if a burglar was safely in custody, with his hands bound and his weapons and the implements of his vocation removed, it would be a lawful act to put a gun to his head and blow his brains out. Such an act would undoubtedly be murder. Killing burglars in a struggle might conceivably be manslaughter; and sometimes it may, without any question, be excusable homicide. According to Sir JAMES STEPHEN, a burglar, or other felon, may be killed either if he is in the act of committing, or about immediately to commit, his crime by open force, and cannot otherwise be prevented from doing it, or if it is impossible otherwise to arrest him or keep him in custody. Also any person assaulted in his own house may kill his assailant, if the force he employs is "proportioned to the violence of the assault." It is not clear under which of these principles of the common law Mr.

Justice GRANTHAM held the shooting of RILEY to have been obviously lawful. It might appear—if we knew more about the case—that only by shooting could RILEY be prevented from escaping out of the window, or perhaps his presence in the kitchen and his attitude amounted (constructively or otherwise) to an assault upon HIGGINS in his own house. The former seems more probable; and, if this was the ground of the decision, it is brought well within the established rules. Even if this is not so, the event is valuable, as it shows at least that, in the opinion of one judge of the High Court, it is not necessarily criminal to take the offensive against, and nearly kill, a burglar "doing his office."

THE COAL STRIKE.

THE representatives of the coal-miners who are on strike—or, as they insist on putting it, are locked out—in the Midlands have decided to give the utmost publicity to the proceedings at the abortive meetings at the end of last week. In this they may, at first sight, appear to show more courage than discretion. But it is by no means clear that they have not been well advised. We have to consider whom it is they desire to address, and to convince that they have deserved applause. If they could be supposed to speak to those whose judgment is not obscured by self-interest or hazy sentiment, they would have done well to say as little as possible about their share in the meetings of last Friday and Saturday. But, then, they speak to a very different public. They appeal to some extent to the sentimentalists who have convinced themselves that the miners are poor men fighting for a "living wage"; but, mainly, they appeal to the men who are still resolute not to allow the rate of wages to again approach the standard of 1888. Mr. PICKARD and his colleagues have every reason to believe that they have deserved well of these two bodies of supporters, and, therefore, they were justified in the belief that they have nothing to lose by publishing a full report of their proceedings. It must not be forgotten that they do not wish to conciliate. They believe that they can force the owners to take the men back at the old rate of wages, and that the consumer can be forced to pay permanently a price which will enable the owner to give a high rate of wages. Having, in their own opinion, the power to force, they feel no need of conciliating.

Their attitude is made perfectly clear by the whole course of the discussion of last week. The owners proposed that a Board of Conciliation should be set up, composed of equal numbers of masters and men, with an impartial chairman, who was to have a casting vote in case of an equal division of the Board. While the Board is being constructed, and is coming to a decision on the reference, the masters proposed that the men should return to work at the old rate of wages, but that fifteen per cent. of the rate of 1888 should be set aside in the bank till the arbitrators had decided whether the reduction was justified or not. The answer of Mr. PICKARD and his colleagues was that it was useless to form a Board of Conciliation without previously fixing the reference to be made to the impartial chairman, in case he was called upon to give his casting vote. The full meaning of this objection was made manifest by the demand of the men's representatives that the miners must be allowed to return to work at the late high rate immediately, and on the distinct understanding that there is to be no reduction at all till next April, and that there is to be no reduction at any time which will bring the rate below a level to be fixed at thirty per cent. above the rate of 1888. On these terms no understanding was possible, and the meeting broke up.

There was much talk in the course of the two meetings, generally interesting and sometimes tart. By far the most useful passages were those in which Mr. PICKARD avowed and reasserted his conviction that the consumer can be forced to pay a price which will enable the owner to pay a high rate of wages, and yet to take a fair profit. "We have always held," he said, "that there are certain classes of consumers that ought to pay a price such as will pay the coalowner and 'workman a profit.'" These consumers are the Companies which make contracts, not the general public, whose interests Mr. PICKARD professed to consult. How the Companies are to be prevented from recouping themselves at the expense of the public he did not explain. When told that prices could not be kept up if business is slack and there is more coal in the market than is wanted, he replied that the output must be limited. When asked what he proposed to do with foreign and Indian competition, he replied that he had plenty of figures and knew what the foreigner could do. In fact, Mr. PICKARD, who did the whole of the talking for his side, did not attempt to disguise the belief of his supporters that they possess a monopoly, and can impose their own terms. The meetings, which were otherwise futile, were of use in so far as they brought this truth prominently forward. It ought to dispose of all appeals to sentiment on behalf of the miners. Men who can return to work at a reduction of 10 per cent. on the late prevailing rate of wages (for that is what 15 per cent. on the rate of 1888 amounts to), and on the understanding that even this shall be made good to them if a Board of Conciliation decides in their favour, cannot, without downright mendacity, be said to be fighting for a living wage. They acknowledge that what they have is a good rate, and 10 per cent. less would, therefore, not be starvation wages. A public which relieves them of the obligation to support their wives and children will be a most egregiously foolish public.

A TRIP TO MANCHESTER.

IN place of the Ministerial advocate-general, Mr. ASQUITH, otherwise engaged in the House of Commons, the CHIEF SECRETARY has apparently undertaken the duty of answering the criticisms of the Opposition platforms. By his own confession he is none too well equipped for the work. His preparation, he admits, has been rather hurried. He did not read the speeches of his opponents "as they came out," having, he told his Manchester audience the other night, "something better to do," but swallowed the whole of them last Sunday afternoon at "one gigantic and laborious gulp." This method of deglutition is notoriously unfavourable to digestion, and it does not surprise us, therefore, to find that Mr. MORLEY has somewhat imperfectly assimilated his literary food. Some of it, in fact, has distinctly disagreed with him, and indeed so violently as to set up marked symptoms of febrile irritation. Perhaps if he had not bolted the Duke of ARGYLL's speech at Glasgow, his reply to it would not have shown such painful signs of excitement and loss of self-control. It is distressing to find a man of Mr. MORLEY's ability and cultivation indulging in such feebly shrewish sarcasm as he descended to in this reply, and proceeding, after a denunciation of the "bad taste" and "bad manners" of the Duke of ARGYLL's chaff of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, to describe the Duke himself as a "second-rate naturalist." If these are the effects of Mr. MORLEY's Sunday studies, we do trust that he will discontinue them, and endeavour to find time to read his opponents' speeches in future "as they come out."

As to the "business" part of the CHIEF SECRETARY's discourse, it seems hardly worth while to have gone

down to Manchester to deliver it. Mr. REDMOND did not require to be told there is in Ireland an "open wound"—the evicted tenants' question—and that the Government "have pledged themselves to deal with that difficult, but 'inevitable, question.'" He knows all about that "open wound," as do we, who witnessed its infliction by the knife of the "Campaigners," abetted by Mr. MORLEY and his friends; and what Mr. REDMOND, and indeed his Nationalist rivals, want to know is the nature of the surgical treatment which the Government propose to apply to it between now and next year. Nor does a journey to Manchester seem to us to be sufficiently repaid by the opportunity with which it has provided the distinguished official traveller for developing the remarkable thesis—first propounded, if we recollect rightly, by his revered leader—that the majority in the House of Lords against the Home Rule Bill was too large to have any significance as a representative expression of opinion. It is an entertaining, if a somewhat puerile, paradox; but, after all, it is not original, even with Mr. MORLEY's leader, who was merely maintaining, on the converse of a certain famous poetic proposition, that the defeat of the Government in the House of Lords was "small because it was so great."

However this may be, the last half-column of the newspaper reports of Mr. MORLEY's address contains the real kernel of what he went to Manchester to say. And, indeed, it may be that the nucleolus of this nucleus is to be found in a single sentence at the beginning of his peroration. He may have gone to Manchester to knit up the somewhat ravelled sleeve of Mr. ASQUITH's Scotch discourses, and to make clear at last what that Minister certainly did not manage, if he desired, to elucidate. It was to this announcement, as we take it, that all Mr. MORLEY's profuse and somewhat anxious laudations of the Irish Nationalists were intended to lead up. It was for this that he extolled the "keen political 'instinct' displayed by them since 1886, and made light of the 'superficial bickerings' which have divided them. All these flatteries were meant to sugar the pill of the declaration, now at last unequivocally made on Ministerial authority, that all has been done for Home Rule that the Government intend at present to do, and that probably for the remainder of the present Parliament the Irish Nationalists must content themselves with second fiddle and the back seat. In the meantime they are recommended to solace and fortify themselves with the reflection that every single vote they give for a British reform is a vote for the passing of the Home Rule Bill, and that the "non-introduction" of the Bill into the House of Commons in 1894 "makes its success not less but more assured." What may be the effect of this "pick-me-up" on the depressed spirits of the Nationalists we shall wait with much interest to see.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THAT remarkable body, the London County Council, continues true to itself. In other words, it is persisting in a course which certainly ought to bring to pass the prophecy of the Rev. FLEMING WILLIAMS, though for other reasons than those he gave last week. Mr. WILLIAMS looks forward to the possibility of a reaction among the people of London, which would do them no good, but "might have very disastrous consequences on the Progressive party in the Council." We will risk the "no good" willingly, and, as for reaction, would be content if it took the form of a resolution on the part of the London ratepayers who did not take the trouble to vote last time, to show a little more energy at the next election. If they do, the Progressive party might be allowed to keep their

votes without fear that they would escape the disastrous consequences.

The Council continues to behave like a very ill-conditioned child. Because it cannot have the betterment by which, in the present case, it could profit very little, it will not go on with very necessary works. Conscience, it appears, will not allow the Council to incur heavy expenditure until it knows where it is to find its resources. This is an admirable rule of conduct, deserving the attention of all who have the expenditure of money, whether public or private. Mr. MICAWBER reduced it to a happy and memorable formula. The County Council would be worthy of still higher praise if it did not show a marked inclination to keep its saving piety to itself, which is a line of conduct quite the reverse of altruistic. It has recommended the Thames Conservancy to embark on a vast expenditure, for which it has notoriously no funds—to set about the reclamation of the foreshore of the Thames, an undertaking which, in the opinion of the Council, would afford great relief to the unemployed in the approaching distressful season. But the Council will not go on with the approaches to the Tower Bridge, or the repair of Vauxhall Bridge, till it is sure of its resources, though these works would give employment to no inconsiderable amount of labour. It is not worthy of the high-toned, and whole-souled, Progressive party to endeavour to lead others into committing the sin from which its own purity shrinks with all the delicacy of the traditional and exemplary ermine. Wicked persons, in their sneering way, have been heard to say that all this lofty parade of virtue is not unaccompanied by its too frequent shadow, which is commonly known as cant. It is to be feared that these advocates of the enemy will not be left without the means of making some sort of case. While the County Council is profuse in expressions of sympathy for the unemployed, and in recommendations that other people should do something for them, it will not do work which it might and ought to do, because it is not allowed to impose a Betterment-rate. It is true that betterment does not come in in the case of Vauxhall Bridge, and only slightly in the case of the approaches to the Tower Bridge. But, as Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD—not letting the cat out of the bag, for it has been out this many a day, but throwing over the cant of his fellow-Progressives—put it, the principle is at stake. The Council will have betterment, and till it gets it will block the way.

There is nothing new in all this; it is the game which the Council has played from the first. It is played at present in a rather more impudent way, that is all. The County Council knows very well that there is no question of unwillingness to accept the rule that those who profit especially by an improvement should pay in proportion. What has happened is that the House of Lords has refused to allow a complete change in the established system of assessment to be introduced by a mere subordinate clause in a Bill nominally drafted for another purpose. It has refused to put a power of arbitrary taxation into the hands of the County Council. If we are to have the innovation, it must first be properly discussed and then introduced on its merits. The mere vote of a majority of the House of Commons, which, having no ground-rents of its own to be taxed, has no hesitation in currying favour with the Radical vote by sacrificing those who have, is not enough.

MATABELELAND.

"**T**HANK Heaven for this good enemy!" is an observation which most people have opportunity to make more or less often in their lives. It is certain that, if the Chartered Company of British South Africa

is wise, it ought at this time to utter some such words—to have uttered them, indeed, even before Mr. LABOUCHERE'S attack on Thursday. We have endeavoured here to take a perfectly impartial view of the Company's actions, and have not been altogether satisfied with some of them. The original *casus belli* against LOBENGULA seemed to us rather insufficiently made out. We cannot help remembering that the Matabele war system, which pains Mr. BUXTON so much, is no new thing, and that we negotiated with LOBENGULA in full knowledge of it. We still think the outcry made over Lord RIPON'S very moderate reminder, through Sir HENRY LOCH, that the Company is not a sovereign State, unreasonable and improper. And we disapprove strongly of Mr. RHODES'S plan of first sending exaggerated and vaunting accounts of the Shangani success, and then keeping all details back, while the more unfavourable ones leak out against his will. But such an absurdity as the demand of Captain CECIL NORTON, in the House of Commons on Tuesday, for the revoking of the Company's Charter is enough to make all Englishmen who have some sense of fairness and some portion of reason decline to consider any longer the peccadilloes, the blunders, and the faults of good taste which the Company may have committed. That body has invaded Matabeleland with the express sanction of the QUEEN'S temporary Ministers at home and the QUEEN'S permanent High Commissioner on the spot. Its troops have acted in all ways in union with the QUEEN'S own forces, and, by executing operations in combination with those forces, have brought the enemy to action. As usually happens in action, a certain number of that enemy have been killed. Whereupon Captain CECIL NORTON, at present an "Advanced Liberal and Home Ruler" and a member of Parliament, but formerly for some dozen years an officer of HER MAJESTY'S army, who, we suppose, would have served actively if he had been called upon, demands that the Company's Charter shall be withdrawn! The force even of Gladstonian folly could hardly, it would seem, go further; but we admit that the record in that respect has been so often broken already that we should not be surprised if even Captain CECIL NORTON were left behind before long. Indeed, we are not certain that it was not actually reached by those about Mr. LABOUCHERE in the debate on the adjournment last Thursday.

It is said that there has been almost unprecedented demand for the Matabele Blue-book issued early in this week; and, if it be so, we sincerely hope that both members of Parliament (upon whom the chief stress falls) and others will study it, and the subsequent unofficial news, and such of the innumerable "letters to the papers" as deserve study—such, that is to say, as those of Mr. RIDER HAGGARD and Sir HERCULES ROBINSON—with something more than the usual British mixture of lazy neglect and headlong prejudgment. Nor do we fear greatly the result of such a study, if only it be given. Such persons as Mr. HAGGARD'S friend, who was "a Humanitarian first and an Imperialist afterwards" (he might as well have called himself "a vegetarian first and a carnivorous animal afterwards"), are, of course, hopeless on one side; while, generally as we share Mr. HAGGARD'S own point of view, we are not certain that his recipe of trusting in Mr. RHODES, and letting Mr. RHODES pull us through, is not a little rudimentary and over-confiding. It savours too much of the South African catchword "RHODES will square it." But we are quite certain that Mr. HAGGARD is much nearer the truth than the Humanitarian, or than the mixed multitude of stock-jobbing bears, "aborigin"-worshippers, rivals of the Company, and haters of everything that looks like adding to the strength and wealth of England, who are howling at the Company's heels. We are neither

for allowing the Matabele to be extirpated nor for allowing the Company to carry matters simply as it chooses in any way. But as for the extirpation of the Matabele, we think the Matabele themselves may be trusted to have more than a word to say in that matter. They have hitherto chiefly been beaten by defensive operations in laager, and you can't very quickly extirpate a nation by sitting behind a waggon with a machine-gun. The smart and interesting fight between them and the Imperial troops might reassure their friends. As for the second point, we are ready to take due, but not undue, account of Colonial sensitiveness. What the more moderate of the Company's advocates say more or less gingerly is "Take care, or 'the harbour of Cape Town will be 'black with unexpected tea.'" In other words, they bid us beware how we offend the South Africans, lest we lose South Africa. Now we do not altogether slight this warning. In consequence of the miserable blunders of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government a dozen years ago, the loyalty of even English colonists in South Africa to England has been reduced to a very low ebb, while the Afrikaner sentiment has been steadily flowing. The third and great success recently announced by Dr. JAMESON, if correctly reported, will, of course, make the excogitation of some plan, such as Mr. BUXTON hinted at on Thursday, for the administration of the country necessary. At the same time, we would rather haul down the English flag anywhere than keep it flying at the cost of allowing the reasonable demands of the Home Government to be flouted. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and for its services in this case the British South Africa Company has deserved the Charter (advance pay, let it be remembered) which was conferred upon it; and may deserve yet more. But the terms of that Charter must be observed, first of all, and through all; and the chief of these terms is the unchallenged, and unchallengeable, supremacy of the QUEEN.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.

IT is certainly amusing to compare the conflicting utterances of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers on the subject of our naval forces. It was only the other night that Mr. GLADSTONE declared them to be absolutely sufficient, and asserted the confidence of the Cabinet in their power to do whatever was required of them. Yet, a few days before, Lord SPENCER had spoken in a very different tone at the Cutlers' feast, and he repeated himself at the Guildhall banquet. Which voice speaks the policy of the Cabinet? If it is Mr. GLADSTONE'S, we should like to hear the Ministerial reasons. If it is Lord SPENCER'S, we should like to see the fruits of the Cabinet's good intentions. It is our national misfortune that the navy is alternately the object of neglect or of excited rhetoric. This is all the more reason why a First Lord of the Admiralty should avoid the use of idle words. We trust Lord SPENCER has done so. The speech of the Italian Ambassador, on the same occasion, supplied an excellent text for some remarks on the sufficiency of the fleet for its work. He spoke of friendship between England and Italy, and of that identity of interest between them which is the only solid basis for an alliance. But it is obvious that, if this friendship is to be other than a snare to both of us, we must be in a position to give Italy effective support. Are we in that position?

The question is one to be argued; but we heartily hope that it will not be discussed in the tone of the letter which the Earl of PEMBROKE contributed to the *Times* of Friday. This letter is, in fact, a specimen of that very excited rhetoric which we deprecate. The Earl takes up the wondrous tale of the *Times*' Correspondent who wrote from Toulon. The gist of the

complaint of both of them is that our Mediterranean Squadron in peace-time is not equal to the whole naval force, including reserves, kept by the French at their great arsenal. We will ask Lord PEMBROKE whether he has fully thought out what his contention means. The French keep the larger part of their whole naval force at Toulon. Therefore, if we are to exceed them at all times, we must keep the larger half of our whole naval establishment in the Mediterranean, including reserves. Lord PEMBROKE distinctly says that we ought to have reserve ships there. Ought we also to keep the reserve crews there? If not, it is clear that the crews must be sent out in transports. But it would be safer, quicker, and more economical to send them out in the ships in which they had to fight.

Lord PEMBROKE, like most other writers on this subject, does not seem to grasp the obvious truth that our command of the Mediterranean would be decided by the general course of a war. He takes the case of a war suddenly declared in which we fought France single-handed, and draws a flaming picture of the British Squadron shut up in Alexandria, or Gibraltar, by an overwhelming fleet, while a French army corps was, as a man may say, playing MEG'S diversions with Egypt. Any British admiral who allowed himself to be shut up in Alexandria would be an incapable fool. He who suffered himself to be pinned in Gibraltar would be his brother. Of course, a man who knew the simplest book moves would fall back on the Channel, knowing that (a) the whole French force must follow him, and that the thing must be decided by a battle off Ushant, the Mediterranean going to the conqueror; or (b) the whole French force would go to Alexandria, in which case it could be followed, and fought by a proportionate fleet. If the French won, Egypt would go, and much else; if they lost, any army corps they had landed, in the interval, would be cut off and compelled to surrender in time as NAPOLEON'S was; or (c) the French would divide, and in that case he could have beat in detail. Lord PEMBROKE, like most other people, quotes the evacuation of the Mediterranean by JERVIS, and quotes it wrong. JERVIS was compelled to evacuate that sea because a subordinate officer went off home with a whole squadron of ships-of-the-line in defiance of orders. He regained it by the battle of Cape St. Vincent. What this case proves is that, if subordinate officers go mad, they may cause embarrassment to their admiral, and that the command of the Mediterranean may depend on a battle fought on the ocean. What it does not prove is, the necessity of doing anything so absurd as to transfer more than half of our whole naval establishment to a foreign station.

THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

THE Chicago Exhibition has quietly come to an end, the tragic death of the Mayor of the city forming one sufficient reason for dispensing with closing ceremonies. Another may have been a general recognition by the Chicagoans that their show had to some extent fizzled.

Loud were the complaints earlier in the year at the unfair spirit of detraction with which the European, and a not inconsiderable section of the American, press allowed themselves to comment upon the World's Columbian Exposition, and the unfairness, in the eyes of the promoters, seems to have chiefly lain in the fact that their show was reviewed before it was really a complete and going concern. Now this objection was itself unfair, for the time at which the Exhibition became a definitely finished and complete show was itself very indefinite. For at least two months after the directorate estimated their creation-whipping entertainment so worthy of consideration that they opened their doors, and invited creation at half-a-dollar a head to come and be whipped, there was but one answer to every uncomplimentary remark that English purblindness or Yankee jealousy could suggest. It was that the affair

was not yet complete. Time was required for unpacking, for arranging, and for rearranging. Time also was required for the settlement of various questions of policy in the management; and until these things were done a smooth course could not be expected. The said purblind and jealous may have thought that when the curtain had gone up the time for rehearsals—however dressy—was past, and the time for serious performance had arrived; they may have considered, with an old-world and lamentable lack of smartness, that, when money began to be taken from the public, criticism was due to the public. But that was the sort of hair-splitting idea for which a Chicagoan had no use. Four months after the opening, when several structures showed distinct signs of disrepair and fire had removed one from the sphere of criticism, finishing touches were required here and there, and rearrangement in more than a few places, while one whole section was in a chaotic muddle, many of the articles sent for exhibition being still in their packing-cases, the scope of the section undefined, and its scheme undeveloped. When the autumn was well upon them the directorate were still in throes. Bickerings and quarrellings were the order of the day. The Sunday Opening question, having been definitely settled both ways, still awaited decision. Then came rows about the plan to be adopted in awarding prizes. Judges and competitors threatened resignation, and in the end who was satisfied and who was not, and under what methods the awards have been made, Heaven itself alone knoweth. In consideration of all of which, it has seemed reasonable to delay reviewing the World's Columbian Exposition until its termination had earned for it a position of completeness, although to do so was a concession to the unreadiness of the authorities at Jackson Park.

The World's Columbian Exposition had no proper claims on the world's attention, and has therefore, very rightly, not been able to enforce any. It was a colossal show, and a fair number of people—something under a million a week—attended it, of whom a large proportion went over and over again, the noughts on the millions being chiefly run up by the local crowds. But there was no reason why the whole world should attend, and it distinctly failed to do so. Dwellers in civilized places appear to have thought that they could see as much of the material side of the Exhibition as they desired in their domestic shop-windows. The great thinkers of the world paid no attention to the invitations of the Congress Auxiliary, a queerly named offshoot from the parent scheme, which begged them to attend in the Art Institute of Chicago, and supplement the material exhibition by "a portrayal of the achievements of the age in science, literature, education, government, morals, charity, religion, and other departments of human activity (!)" The landscape gardens of Jackson Park were chiefly thronged by American sight-seers, and the sessions of the Auxiliary Congress were, with but one exception, largely left to the self-advertising idiot and the blue-stockings woman. And the exception owed its partial success to the enthusiasm of an English man of letters.

But if the world at large looked coldly upon the Chicago Exhibition, good words must be said for it as a local show. It was the largest thing of the sort that has ever been done. The conventionally classical buildings had the good taste of their examples. The cost has been great, and amiably borne. Yet, even as a local show, it has been taken too seriously. It was never allowed to seek popular suffrage as a place of amusement only, but was always compelled to prove itself a great movement in civilization. Civilization is what the Chicagoan hankers for. His town is the centre of an enormous interior country, whose population are entirely occupied in developing its material wealth and putting money in their purse. To these—to the ignorant millionaire, to the grain-man, to the pig-man, to the anarchist, to the Irish politician, and to the dude who has bust and gone West—to each and all of these, in their divisions, subdivisions, and combinations, the World's Exposition was to furnish an object-lesson in civilization. The buildings—the Elfin City, the City of White Palaces, the Western Venice, the Fairy (or preferably Faërie) City, the Dream City (for further variants see the Chicago press)—were to instruct them in architecture and mural decoration, the contents of those buildings were to impress them with the extent of human progress, to make them feel that, if on the one hand they were indeed the heirs of the ages, on the other they were an exceedingly simple folk. In the thirteen great halls, stuffed with the produce

of the world, there was much to be learned by everybody possessing the necessary curiosity and energy. Fishing-tackle and lime-juice preparations, electric plant and bulbs from Holland, crime statistics and furniture from Tottenham Court Road, canned goods and one thousand and seventy-five paintings by American artists, were all on view. But whether these things had a message for the intellectually starving of the West is very doubtful, and certainly such message was made no more distinct by the reiterated assertions of the press that they could understand it. And here a word must be said of the official guide. It was a skimpy affair and not devoid of errors, which things, as the world's greatest thinkers did not attend to expound the subjectivity of the world's greatest show, must have borne hardly upon the ardent searchers for inner meanings. For instance, although useful emotions might be called up by the inspection of their pictures, for educational purposes it was a pity to describe them as due to the brushes of Pointer, Herkimar, and Sir J. Miller.

There remains but one aspect from which to look at the Exhibition, and this is the right one. It was a place to lounge in, especially in the evening, when the doors of the buildings were closed, and all rabid desires "to see wheels go round" in sympathy with Toddie, that wittiest of Americans, and all weak lapses into thirst for information had been rendered impossible. The site of the Fair was magnificent, and by moonlight the rough "staff" of which the buildings were constructed gained a beauty which the unsparing sun by day denied them. It is true that the directors, recognizing the variable quantities of the moon's light, hung the place profusely with electric light of stated candle-power, worked by machines of stated horse-power, at a cost of a stated number of millions; but these were only lighted upon occasion, and all who did not care for the effect were free to leave. The World's Columbian Exposition was an immense show, excelling other shows chiefly by its immensity, and good to look at by moonlight; and it gave pleasure to a very large number of worthy people. But this is not an adequate result, when the time, money, and breath that have been spent over it are remembered.

THE OUTSIDE EYE ON ETON LIFE.

NOT very long ago we had occasion to remark that there is no such *liber classicus* for Eton as *Tom Brown*—which still holds its place—has ever been held to be for Rugby. The observation produced a letter from an Old Etonian, which, if we may use the phrase, "cracked up to the skies" a little book called *Collegers and Oppidans*. With this little book we have lately renewed acquaintance. If oddity is the same thing as merit, it is a very meritorious work.

If this extraordinary story is to be taken as a true representation of Eton life, then Eton games and Eton fellows are very different from those we know. All the fellows, and especially Jickling, behave in the very oddest manner. When Ashton throws his cap on the ground with the action of a man who is preparing to fight, we are reminded of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. But there was a distinction, if not a difference, for "those who meant business took off their coats and hats." But when we find Hulkey, the College "post," playing in a Wall-game on St. Andrews Day, it is, perhaps, as well that the author should inform us, as he does, that "for those who have never seen 'Wall' football a description of the game would scarcely be intelligible, and for those who have seen it it would be useless." But we would in all humility suggest "my description" as an emendation for "a description" in the passage quoted above.

The Spankie business is rather overdone, and has been much better done by a man who was never at Eton in his life, and whose name was not unknown in politics and literature. Ashton was very conscientious; for, after rowing up to Monkey (which is not so very far, after all, for so remarkable an oar), he would "land, dress, and run down to College," and all in seven minutes, to answer his name at two-o'clock absence, when he could have given himself time and to spare by the simple, but unworthy, expedient of dropping into "second absence." But as even after this he achieved the remarkable feat of being trim, speckless, and glossy, perhaps excuse may be found for him.

Among the scribblers who consider themselves competent

to write about Eton, certain newspaper correspondents must be very dear to every Etonian. Such a one will amble about the playing-fields and school-yard, with a notebook and pencil, and will unblushingly publish a statement in his newspaper, next day, to the effect that "at three o'clock the students of Eton College are accustomed to assemble in their quadrangle for the roll-call." Or it may be that "the Gown-boys played a foot-ball match along the Wall with the Town-boys, in which the scholars were victorious by 1 rouge and 3 tries to a goal and a shy."

In connexion with the Quadrangle there is a good story concerning a Yankee and an Etonian. The American, wandering aimlessly about the school-yard, came across an Etonian, of whom he inquired where the Quadrangle might be. The Etonian said he was very sorry, but he didn't remember ever having heard of such a place. After a moment's thought, however, he said, "Perhaps you distantly allude to the school-yard. If so, this is it." And it was in an American magazine that a writer observed that, while walking on the Terrace at Windsor Castle, on Sunday, he saw very many little Eton boys walking about, in their "white ties" and "Eton collars," looking for all the world like so many little clergymen. This man was evidently an authority on dress in general, and Eton fashions in particular. But even the many mistakes we have quoted have been eclipsed by the curious and wonderful mistakes of private individuals. An Eton mother, holding forth about her son at Eton, imparted to a friend the somewhat curious information that her son was very fond of the river—in fact, was what they called a "water Bob." Land Bobs and water Bobs! We have also heard of "High Old Club" as the great Eton cricket-ground. Needless to say, it is a synonym, and a very odd one, for "Upper Club." It was reserved, however, for a writer in a weekly contemporary to out-quadrangle the quadranglers with information that will surprise, if it will not delight, the sons of Eton, wherever it may meet their eyes ("by many names men call us, in many lands we dwell"). Here are some gems. The italics are throughout ours. There are so many holidays and half-holidays at Eton that it must be difficult for Etonians to remember "when a *whole day's schooling* occurs." The Head-Master calls over only the first Hundred at Absence, at which they all answer "*Adsum*" (and, by a very earthquake of philology, *Absence* is derived from *adsum*). The Head-Master during this ceremony has a "*precentor* at his side." A precentor! The fashion of wearing the last button of the waistcoat unbuttoned may, it is suggested, have something to do with a "*tuck-shop*," and it is especially incumbent on the First Hundred to follow this fashion. The costume worn for playing at the Wall is made of sacking. If the ball is pushed or kicked out "from the Wall," the contest "has to begin over again," and this game is played in "*absolute silence*." Among these strange tidings the statement that all Eton boys "slouch" seems trivial. To have collected so much and such startling knowledge in so short a visit is truly a great matter.

TENNIS, 1893.

WITH the match on Saturday last at Brighton, between Mr. Lyttelton and Saunders, the second of the two tennis seasons of the year may be counted as closed. The Brighton Court is lucky in its new proprietors. The energetic counsels of Prince's Club now direct its fortunes, and a judicious expenditure has made beautiful a building which none before could call alluring. It is ill to speak unkindly of the departed, and many good games (and many strange ones) were played in the old court, but it is impossible to gainsay the advantages of the new one. For new the court may fairly claim to be. A new floor is laid (dyed of a ravishing brown hue), the walls and batteries have been refaced and plastered, while the whole court has been furnished up and renewed. A new long gallery runs the length of the court above the side wall, and a second smaller gallery has been added above the dedans. Of the rest of the club premises it does not behove us to speak; but it may be said that space has been found for excellent billiard and card rooms, besides an admirable new and enlarged dedans, much larger than the old one, and a new entrance from Little Preston Street. Ted Dealtrey, for many years under Jim Harradine, at Cambridge, is the marker.

The match on Saturday began punctually at 2.15, before a large company of spectators, who crowded the dedans, the side galleries, and the new galleries above. Saunders conceded fifteen for a bisque; odds which, in their record for the year, should have given the champion a slight advantage. Mr. Lyttelton, however, proved to be in excellent form, and succeeded in gauging the peculiarities of the court quicker than his opponent. The first set was won narrowly by Saunders, but the two following sets fell to Mr. Lyttelton. At this point the light, which was never good, began to fail considerably, and after a game or two the question of when to abandon the match became uppermost. A set played under these conditions is bound to be unsatisfactory. But it was concluded with another win for Saunders. In getting two out of three sets, in the best of the light, Mr. Lyttelton did better than at any time before this season. His game, which, if in practice, would rival anybody's, shows often the signs of rust, and earlier in the year he fell a victim to Latham, playing at evens, and victim to Fennell, who received half-fifteen for a bisque. But it would be difficult to conceive more brilliant tennis than at times he displayed on Saturday. His low, hard volleys, well cut and placed, were alone a delight to behold, while his persistent use of the tambour caused his opponent many an anxious moment. It was noted that balls deflected by the tambour, and bounding to the battery wall below the winning gallery, came down with unusual quickness, and, generally, it may be said that the walls were proved to play fast and the floor a little slow. Saunders made many beautiful volleys from the penthouse, but when serving neither he nor Mr. Lyttelton shone with customary brilliance.

The season proper of the year opened earlier than usual with the visits of the young French champion, Charles Lesueur. He is a pretty player, with great power of return, and some knowledge of service; but he is not a *paumier* of the parts of his master. He came over twice this spring, and on the first occasion played matches with Mr. H. E. Crawley and Saunders, whom he beat; Mr. Crawley meeting him at evens, and Saunders conceding him half-thirty. On the second visit he played twice with Latham, first at Prince's, where Lesueur was beaten, receiving half-fifteen; and, secondly, on the solitary occasion when he played away from Prince's, he beat Peter at Queen's, receiving an increased lead of a bisque. His fifth match was with Sir Edward Grey, who beat him at evens after a fine display. This last result was a surprise, for it was felt by most present that Lesueur (or Le Bisquon, as he is commonly called in Paris) was the stronger player. However, he was feeling the effects of a hard match with Latham of a few days before, and this, combined with an exceptionally brilliant "show" from Sir Edward Grey, turned the scale. We doubt if this amateur ever played better than on this occasion. All the familiar parts of his game were shown to perfection, while his defence of the dedans was worthy of Mr. Lyttelton.

Lesueur exhibited the greatest pluck and persistence in all his matches. In his first match with Latham, at Prince's, with two sets lost, and with the score at four games love against him, so well did he play that it was won by Peter only after thirty games had been fought out—namely, at sixteen games to fourteen. Had Lesueur won this set we should not have been surprised to see him win the match. It would have been exactly the kind of contretemps to depress Peter, and make him but the shadow of himself. That these odds were almost exactly right was shown a week later at Queen's, when, receiving a bisque in addition to his half-fifteen, Lesueur beat Latham by the odd set of five. With this match his second visit terminated. That he has improved much in the three years since he was last over here is certain, and in estimating his performances in England we must not forget the strangeness of the courts and balls. To our mind he played an exceedingly pretty game, while an opponent more scrupulously fair and more jealous of another's hard luck it would be difficult to find. It was a pity that no match was possible between him and Fennell.

A little later came the first of the three matches between Saunders and Peter Latham. It will be remembered that last year these players met three times to decide a match in which the champion conceded fifteen and a bisque; a match which fell to Latham by the odd one of fifteen sets. A similar match was arranged now, Saunders conceding fifteen. The first match was held in May, at Queen's, and was won by Peter by three sets to one. The next meeting, a week or two later, was at Prince's, where Saunders

made all equal by winning three sets to his opponent's one. The last match was played at Lord's in June, and resulted in another win for Peter by three sets to two on the day's play and a victory in the match of seven sets to six. These three days' play gave quite the best tennis of the year in London. That Latham won is no discredit to Saunders, who throughout played splendidly. In his own court at Prince's he is still invincible, and we cannot agree with those who see, or think they see, some constant and excessive advantage taken by the champion of the height of the roof. Only a giraffe with an abnormally long neck gets to within five feet of a roof of ordinary pitch, and we question much if even Saunders's well-developed specimens go to within twenty feet of the roof of Court A at Prince's. And his giraffe is not his most formidable weapon of attack. His side-wall service, on which he relied principally in this match, is at times absolutely unplayable, and as much can hardly be said for any other opening. Pettitt's old delivery of the underhand twist was extremely difficult, but it was seldom impossible of return. The drop is occasionally effective; but a first-class player (whom alone we are considering) is seldom beaten by it, while the giraffe—difficult and beautiful service as it is—has not near the deadliness it looks, and will return over the net like a child if discreetly volleyed. Latham, Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Crawley, Saunders himself, may be trusted to volley back almost any giraffe, and, unless a very short chase is to be won, with all necessary and proper cut. All the same, a giraffe must not be met with a divided mind, as to volley or not to volley, or that will befall which happened in the concluding match at Lord's, when the ball dropped an inch from the pass-line, and thence seemingly exploded into space. During all three days Saunders served well, attacked the tambour, openings, and the corners of the court with his customary judgment and vigour, and displayed throughout his matchless stroke. And Latham showed that the line dividing him from the champion was drawn finer than before. If he could but serve better, he would be a dangerous opponent even to Saunders; as it is, one is appalled to see him set out to defend some longish chase with a round service, or, at best, a mild and badly-placed side-wall. At practice he does better, and we have seen him then deliver an excellent underhand twist service. But the more important the occasion the less service can he command, and he falls back upon his return and his all-round play. This, of course, is about as good as it can be; indeed, the only weak point in his game is his service. If this were mended, any day might see a championship meeting. Of Fennell, the only other professional in the front rank, there is not very much to record. For style he is still the equal of any player of the day; but his game gets little stronger. Receiving half-fifteen for a bisque, he beat Mr. Lyttelton at Prince's; but at Lord's he was beaten by Saunders (giving fifteen and a bisque), and by Mr. Crawley at evens, and at Queen's Latham, giving half-fifteen, was victorious. But any of these wins may be reversed next year.

Mr. Lyttelton still holds the Marylebone Gold Prize; but Sir Edward Grey avenged his defeat of last year, and wrested the Silver Prize from Mr. Ernest Crawley. Good as these two amateurs are, they are scarcely within fifteen of Mr. Lyttelton, and he is much below his proper form. Although Sir Edward Grey won the Silver Prize from Mr. Crawley, Mr. Crawley succeeded in keeping the Amateur Championship at Queen's. The match of this year was close, but not so painfully even as last year's, when the winner made but one stroke more than the loser in five sets. Mr. Cohen did well in this tournament, succumbing only to Sir Edward Grey. The Prince's handicap fell to Mr. G. C. Curtis, who started from the half-thirty line; while at Queen's, in the similar meeting, the honours were divided, Mr. G. E. A. Ross, starting from scratch, and Mr. Templeton, receiving half-thirty for a bisque, being the partners in triumph. Mr. Gribble won the Universities' contest somewhat easily for Cambridge.

The Manchester Handicap was abandoned; but, in getting the champion and Latham to play two matches in place of it, the Committee made a fair provision for the members. After the longer contest in the summer, it was agreed that Saunders should concede fifteen for a bisque, and on these terms he was once more beaten by his indefatigable opponent. The two matches fell to Latham, after play more even than the result would appear, with a score on each occasion of three sets to one. This is no slight feather in

Peter's cap, and we shall look for a match next season in London at very short odds.

At Hewell Grange Lord Windsor held a week of four-handed tennis matches, himself and Fennell, Charles and William Lambert, and Stanley Lambert (William Lambert's son, now marking at Oxford) being the players. The brothers Lambert proved themselves a strong combination, and the week was almost over ere the proper handicapping was reached. But that is not to say the games were not good, or devoid of interest. We wish that meetings like Lord Windsor's were the rule and not the exception. It is painful to hear (as now and again one does) of private tennis courts lying closed year in and year out, uncared for and forgotten, with, of course, not a sound racket or ball in the whole building. In one instance we wot of, such a court was hurriedly opened and swept at the request of distinguished visitors; but, sad to relate, the balls (save the mark) had been attacked by beetles and play was impossible.

To sum up: our six leading players have retained their form, and are very easily ahead of any other six tennis-players in the world. First, of course, we place Charles Saunders; second, Peter Latham. Slightly after him Mr. Lyttelton, then Fennell, then (bracketed even) Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Ernest Crawley. Now, Sir Edward Grey has beaten Le Bisquon at evens; and Le Bisquon is the French champion. Further, Le Bisquon, we believe, gives M. Bazin fifteen; and M. Bazin is the pride of the amateurs in Paris. What more is there falling to be said? America and Australia are silent—for the present, at least—and for the rest of the world, 'tis as ignorant of the game as the champions on the green at Wimbledon. Of our six players, Latham's progress has been the most interesting to watch; and his improvement, and the improvement of Sir Edward Grey, are the chief notes of the season. That our tennis is more fast and furious than the tennis of our fathers we may admit; but, while the model of our game is preserved in Saunders, Mr. Lyttelton, and Fennell, we need not hang our heads for style. And with a new century we may revert to older methods.

MONEY MATTERS.

WHILE business is everywhere stagnant and alarm appears to have dissipated, the money market is curiously sensitive. On Friday, October 20, the rate of discount in the open market in the City for three months' bank bills was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. On the following Friday it had risen to very nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., a rise in a single week of almost 1 per cent. In the beginning of last week there was a sharp decline, but towards the end there was another rise, the quotation on Friday being $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But on Saturday and Monday rates fell rapidly again, so that on the latter day the quotation was little better than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Again, on Friday of last week the India Council offered for tender 2 millions sterling of 6 months' bills repayable in London, and the average discount exacted was somewhat over $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The very same bills, however, were rediscounted on Monday at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., so that on Monday bankers were willing to take $\frac{1}{16}$ less than they would accept on the previous Friday. Lastly, the Home Government offered on Monday three-quarters of a million of Treasury bills, and they were taken at 3 months at a trifle over 2 per cent. All this points unmistakably to a feeling of uncertainty and nervousness. Incidents that at other times would attract no attention make bankers unwilling to part with their money, and so raise rates. Immediately afterwards something reassuring leads them to bid against one another eagerly. It is perhaps not unnatural that this should be the case, considering the experience of the past six or eight months. In May it will be recollected that the bank panic in Australia came as a complete surprise to the market. In these columns we cautiously warned our readers that trouble was brewing, but the City refused to take the warning, and persisted in believing that everything was safe. Suddenly, however, the Bank-rate was run up from $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 4 per cent., and the joint-stock banks became so apprehensive that for a week or so they refused to lend on almost any terms, causing serious difficulties upon the Stock Exchange. The Bank-rate was quickly put down in June, but in August the crisis in the United States caused another alarm, and the Bank-rate was run up to 5 per cent. Now the general

belief is that the worst is over in the United States; but it is quite clear from the nervousness of the money market that bankers are not altogether reassured. For one thing, they fear that the United States Government may borrow gold. It holds less of the metal than it ought to hold, and it seems clear that it must borrow before very long, though it does not follow at all that it will borrow in London, or that much gold will be taken from Europe. The market, however, having been twice surprised this year, is now very keenly upon the watch for unpleasant incidents. Besides, the state of the silver market is enough to make people uneasy. That silver will fall further is the general impression; and, if it does, it may cause trouble in Mexico, China, Japan, and the other silver-using countries. It is wise, therefore, of bankers not to encourage speculation in any form, and to be on guard against accidents. Lastly, the state of things upon the Continent is somewhat disquieting. The monthly liquidation on the Paris Bourse last week was a very trying one. There was a sharp fall in Italian, Spanish, and Hungarian securities. It was rumoured that several firms of stockbrokers were seriously embarrassed, and there was talk even of one or two banks. There is some apprehension likewise as to the liquidation on the German Bourses at the end of this month. November is usually a rather trying time for the German Bourses, and this year it is likely to be more so than ordinary, because of the losses suffered by German capitalists through the crisis in America, the depreciation of silver affecting Mexico, the financial disorganization in Italy, and the political crisis in Austria-Hungary. The fears entertained may be quite exaggerated; but at the same time no harm is done by taking full precautions against contingencies. In Italy the crisis is deepening every day. The monthly liquidation on the Bourses last week was accompanied by numerous failures, and rumours of even worse troubles soon to come, while trade is in a very bad way, and it is notorious that many of the banks are in serious difficulties. In Spain, likewise, the crisis continues. If any of the troubles that are expected should occur, it is possible that a good deal of gold may be withdrawn from London for the Continent, and large withdrawals of gold would, of course, send up rates here. Therefore, bankers and bill-brokers are acting judiciously in limiting their operations for the present. With the New Year a period of greater ease on the Continental money markets will set in, and probably then confidence will begin to revive.

The rate of discount in the open market has continued to fall all through the week, and is now but very little over 2 per cent. There is still a demand for gold for the Continent. During the week ended Wednesday night the net withdrawals from the Bank of England amounted to 176,000*l*. But it is not thought likely that the demand will seriously inconvenience the market; while now opinion tends to the conclusion that for the remainder of the year, at all events, there will be no material withdrawals for New York. The Coal Strike and the general distrust are checking business in every direction, and unemployed money consequently is accumulating. It is the same in New York. Depositors have recovered confidence in the banks, and consequently every week they are showing a very great increase in the supplies held; but, at the same time, the distrust that prevails discourages all new enterprise. Upon the Continent likewise money is fairly abundant, while distrust prevails there also. One of the incidents of the week is the resignation of the chief cashier of the Bank of England.

On Wednesday the India Council again offered for tender 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers; but once more there were no applications. On the other hand, the silver market has recovered somewhat, the price being now 32½*d*. per ounce. The demand is chiefly for China and Japan, and for the moment the supply in the market is small; but the general feeling, nevertheless, is that there must be a further fall.

The Board of Trade Returns for October are fairly satisfactory, considering all the circumstances. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was 18,179,792*l*., a decrease of 545,668*l*., or not quite 3 per cent. The value of the imports was 35,356,469*l*., an increase of 629,611*l*., or not far short of 2 per cent. Bearing in mind the disorganization of trade through the coal strike, and the great falling-off in the demand for the United States and some other countries, there are good grounds for hoping

that as soon as the coal strike is over there will be an improvement. For three months before the strike began there was, in fact, some slight revival, and the falling-off since has been less than, under the circumstances, might have been expected.

Business on the Stock Exchange has been very stagnant this week. The continuance of the coal strike makes it certain that there will be a great reduction in the dividends of the railway Companies, while it threatens to create much distress throughout the winter. The Trust crisis, too, keeps the City in anxiety. Several of the Trusts have quite broken down, and it is only too probable that others will have to be liquidated. The losses will not affect the money market; but, of course, they will be severe for the shareholders, and, therefore, they keep alive a feeling of distrust. In the United States, too, there is utter stagnation. Money is accumulating in immense amounts in New York; but trade is greatly depressed, confidence is still very slight, and the liquidation of bad business is going on. In Brazil the civil war seems as far from ending as ever. The state of the silver market causes apprehension respecting the silver-using countries. Australia is depressed after the panic, and upon the Continent there is much disquiet. Spanish securities have been falling for some weeks, and there is much fear that the long-expected default will now soon occur. The last settlement on the Paris Bourse was a trying one, and there is a great lock-up of capital. It is not probable, therefore, that Spain will be able to go on borrowing in Paris as she has done hitherto. On the other hand, the expenses of the Government are increased by the war in Morocco, and by the disaster at Santander. The crisis in Italy, too, is deepening, and there is a good deal of political anxiety. In consequence of all this, there is a disinclination at home and abroad to incur new risks. But the best securities are in strong demand. On Monday, for example, three-quarters of a million of Treasury bills were offered for tender, and the applications amounted to nearly 10 millions, the average rate at which the three-months bills were placed being about 2 per cent. It is evident from this that there is an immense accumulation of unemployed money, but that there is much distrust—that investors, in fact, will not buy anything but the very soundest securities.

There is much discussion in the City over the intended purchase, by the Directors of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, of the Chesapeake, Ohio, and South-Western Railroad. Mr. Huntington, one of the great railway magnates, owns the latter, and he is willing to sell, in the present disturbed state of the American money market, on very favourable terms, to the Louisville and Nashville. Many of the shareholders, however, think that the acquisition would not benefit their Company, and in consequence they are strongly opposed to the purchase. The Directors, on the other hand, believe that it would be a great gain to them; that, in fact, they are never again likely to have so favourable an opportunity to buy. It is understood, therefore, that they have quite decided to exercise the option which they obtained a little while ago.

The soundest securities are all higher for the week. Consols closed on Thursday at 98½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ¾. The Two and a Half closed at 97, also a rise of ¾; Indian Sterling Threes closed at 98½, likewise a rise of ¾, and Metropolitan Board of Works closed at 103½, a rise of ¼. There is very little movement in Colonial Government stocks; but Queensland Three and a Half closed on Thursday at 89½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. Home Railway stocks are lower because of the failure of the attempt to end the strike. London and North-Western closed on Thursday at 164½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ¼; Midland closed at 148½, a fall of ½; North-Eastern closed at 153½, a fall of ¾; and South-Eastern closed at 113, a fall of 1; but London and Brighton Undivided closed at 164, a rise of 1. In the American market, with the exception of Denver and Rio Grande securities, prices are generally lower. Atchison shares, to begin with the purely speculative, closed on Thursday at 20½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; and Northern Pacific Preference closed at 23, also a fall of 1½. The bonds of discredited railways are likewise generally lower. Thus Atchison Fours closed on Thursday at 73, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½; and Erie Second Mortgage Bonds closed at 70½,

a fall of 1. Even the good dividend-paying shares are lower. Lake Shore, for example, closed on Thursday at 132½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1. Argentine Fives of 1886 closed at 63½, a fall of ½; and Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 57½, a fall of as much as 4. On the other hand, there is a recovery generally in inter-Bourse securities. In Paris, as in London, the really sound stocks are rising rapidly. Thus French Threes closed on Thursday at 98½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. Russians, which we certainly do not think very sound, but which are highly esteemed in France, closed on Thursday at 100½, a rise of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday. Even Italian have recovered. They closed on Thursday at 80, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. But Spanish are one lower; they closed at 59½.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

THE sudden death, from cholera, last Monday, of the Russian composer, Petr Iljitsch Tschaiowsky, removes one more from the small list of living musicians of European reputation. The bald record of Reuter's despatch describes him as having "arranged several works for orchestra"—a curiously inadequate tribute to one who was classed among the most brilliant orchestral writers of the day, and who was selected last May by the University of Cambridge as the representative of Russian music in an international distribution of the academic honour of Mus. Doc. That the choice of the University fell upon the most characteristic Russian composer is open to question. His music is imbued with a less degree of national spirit than that of either Cui or Rimsky-Korsakoff, and his adherence to the latest Russian school was strongly tempered by the eclecticism which proceeded from his wide culture and intimate knowledge of the compositions of the great French and German masters. Still, in everything that he wrote there was an unmistakably national flavour, and in his operas—which even his countrymen acknowledged to be his least successful works—his choice of subjects was almost entirely drawn from the masterpieces of Northern literature. It was this which largely stood in the way of their becoming popular in other countries, for his librettos presupposed an acquaintance with the poems upon which they were founded, and neglected the elements of dramatic effect. Only one of them—*Eugen Onegin*, founded on a poem of Pushkin's—had been heard in this country, where it was produced last year, with indifferent success, by Sigor Lago. His other operas are *The Wojewod* (three acts), produced at Moscow, in 1869; *Opritschnik* (four acts), produced in 1874; *Wakule* (three acts), given in 1876; *Pique Dame* (three acts), produced in 1890; and *Iolanthe* (one act, founded on Hertz's *King René's Daughter*), brought out on December 6, 1892. The last four works, together with *Eugen Onegin*—performed in 1879—first saw the light at St. Petersburg, where Tschaiowsky for some years had occupied the post of head of the Conservatorium. In England he is chiefly known by his orchestral works, songs, and pianoforte pieces. Personally he was distinguished by a singular charm; and he will be deeply regretted by all with whom he came in contact.

THE THEATRES.

DIPLOMACY has seldom, if ever, been more superbly played than on Thursday last week, the occasion of the reopening of the Garrick Theatre for the autumn season. The consummate workmanship of this drama, the perfect stage management, and the finished and powerful acting of a company playing together with absolute smoothness, combined to produce a performance of singular excellence. Familiar as the "Three Men" scene is, the rendering of it was as striking as ever. The almost silent domination of the stage by Mr. John Hare, as Henry Beauclerk, during this absorbing passage, seems to gain in masterful intensity. The sorrowful dignity of Mr. Bancroft, as Count Orloff, has softened with time and repetition, and the anguish and indignation of Mr. Forbes Robertson have gained a new and more appealing eloquence. The tenderness, passion, and pathos of Miss Kate Rorke's impersonation remain; while on the lighter side we have still the inimit-

able vivacity of Mrs. Bancroft in the Berne clock scene, the interpolation of which must be forgiven for her admirable acting. An important alteration in the cast has been made by the substitution of Miss Elizabeth Robins for Miss Olga Nethersole as the Princess Zicka. Miss Robins plays it as a melodramatic part, as, rightly, did Miss Nethersole. If the later representation is wanting in the firm determination which characterized the former one up to the final breakdown, its very hesitancy gives rise to a certain natural charm; and, if the contrast is less marked when the change of manner comes, the agony of remorse and humiliation seems more in accord with the previous manifestations of character.

Tom, Dick, and Harry, by Mrs. R. Pacheco, produced at the Trafalgar Theatre by Mr. Charles Hawtrej, is a farcical comedy altered for the English stage from an American original. If we can once get over the initial absurdity of sweethearts, wives, brothers, and fathers being deceived by a make-up, however good, there is really nothing against the plot of this exaggerated comedy of errors. It makes a heavy draft on our credulity, it is true, when, in addition to twins undistinguishable from each other, we have a gentleman who, for love-making purposes and to deceive his own father, so counterfeits one, and therefore both, of these twins as to impose not only on their relatives but his own. The treatment, however, is extravagant, and though a good deal of ingenuity is displayed in contriving situations, the effect is spoiled by a tendency to clowning. The fatal fault of the farce is the absence of anything approaching to wit in the dialogue or freshness in the characterization. Mr. Charles Hawtrej's impersonation of Dick Stanhope by no means comes up to the high standard he has set himself elsewhere. That the loyal efforts of an excellent company fail to please must be attributed to the deficiencies of the play, and not to their want of skill.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

PICTURES by the older masters of the English school are in great favour just now, and though everybody protests that money is scarce, higher prices were never given for Gainsboroughs, Wilsons, Cromes, and Boningtons; but, in addition, several artists in vogue in their own day, but long relegated to the second rank, are now coming forward again. One of them, who was a great favourite in the first quarter of this century, but long forgotten, under the name of "Barker of Bath," is now found to be not so very inferior to Gainsborough. Like him, he excelled both in figures and landscape. Another was Stark, a pupil of Crome at Norwich. A third was Ibbetson, and a fourth Nasmyth. In the sales of last season a landscape by Nasmyth always brought a good price. A very representative gathering of all these painters and others is open at what is known as the French Gallery in Pall Mall, and has amply rewarded the visitors who have braved the East wind and the early darkness of November.

Perhaps the finest work here is by Oakes, who was born in 1820, became A.R.A. in 1876, and died in 1877. He was thus much junior to Stark, Nasmyth, and most of the other landscape-painters whose work is on these walls. The picture just mentioned is so quiet in tone, that the details, which are numerous, at first sight elude notice. It is called "The Warren." Rabbits are scampering about among the sandy dunes of a calm and sparkling sea. A pair of lapwings look at them in doubt. The furze shows little blossom, and the thistle is purple, but not yet feathery. The sunny ripples fade into a golden mist, and we can see that, though it is still early morning, a warm day, the first of the spring, is at hand. There is also a fine Gainsborough landscape, "The Rustic Courtship." It was painted in the neighbourhood of Bath, perhaps at Shockerwick, where he took the now famous portrait of Richard Orpin, the parish clerk of Bradford, which is in the National Gallery. This picture, as an example of his middle-landscape manner, should certainly go into the public collection, which already possesses his much earlier "Cornard" and his later "Market Cart." It shows a woodland scene with prettily-grouped figures. There are several other Gainsborough landscapes, one, "Milking Time," unfinished, but all the more instructive as to the artist's methods. The rest of the pictures in the collection must be rapidly surveyed. The Barkers (of Bath) are good—one, "A Pastoral Landscape," running close

alongside both Gainsborough and Wilson. Of the last named there is only one—a view of “Tivoli”—of importance. It is very perfect. In Constable’s “Hampstead Heath” there is an unusual attempt at composition, which greatly enhances the effect of the picture. Two fine views by A. W. Williams should not be missed. A very pretty girl’s head by Hoppner is “Mary, third daughter of Sir Richard Rycroft.”

Whether the genius of the River Thames, and those who revere the genius in the spirit that inspired the poets of Spenser’s day or of Peacock’s, are likely to be entirely propitiated by the artistic tribute of Mr. Max Ludby, R.I., now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell’s Galleries, is something of a dubious matter. Here, at 160 New Bond Street, are some ninety water-colour drawings by one painter, who has selected his material from both banks of the river between Oxford and Greenwich. The field of study and observation is therefore extensive, and might be supposed to tend to mitigate that monotony of effect or of manner which is apt to characterize a lengthy series of drawings by one hand. The collection, as a whole, produces an impression of panoramic iteration, partly due to the mere number of the drawings, and partly to the artist’s insistent repetition of one particular kind of drawing, which, however good it may be as topography, is far from being good as art. In short, to do justice to the charm and accomplishment of Mr. Ludby’s work, we must distinguish between the general impression provoked by the whole collection and the individual impression of some dozen or so examples such as critical selection suggests. Thus only can we estimate aright, with unwearied eyes, the finer qualities of Mr. Ludby’s drawings, and ignore the artist’s propensity towards the record of what is merely “pretty,” and his fondness for violent and distracting accents, as in the flare of colour on the roof of Marlow Church in “The Weir Stream” (44). The human eye could no more dwell upon such flaunting spots of colour than it can rest with satisfaction on the reflection of sunlight from a window-pane. To paint the landscape “all bright and glittering in the smokeless air,” or in the clearness after rain, is to follow a very different method than that which insists upon investing each individual object or detail in the visual scene with the brilliant definition it assumes when studied apart from the general impression of the whole. Let us compare two of the Richmonds—there are several Richmonds in the field; that of the Bridge (76), and that alongside of it (77)—and mark the ill-distributed discords that spring from the one method, and the admirable harmony and gracious tone that result from the other. Among other agreeable examples we would note the “Hampton” (71); the “Walton” (69), with its fine aerial quality and sense of space; the excellent “Chertsey Weir” (60), and the still more notable study of whirling white water, “The Weir at Hurley” (38); the “Day’s Lock” (8), where the distant first swells of the chalk lands are rendered with subtle charm; and the not less charming effect in “Looking toward Bensington” (14), with the wide reach of the river, rippling and darkening under the breeze. In these, and other examples, and in some of those drawings where architecture enters into the scheme, as in the “Magdalen College and Bridge” (1), Mr. Ludby honours his theme, and justifies his enterprise beyond all questioning.

REVIEWS.

DRYDEN.*

NEITHER men nor gods, nor even publishers—we all know the rest. But with second or third rate editions of first-rate writers, whether of verse or of prose, the case is altered; and more than one English classic has never been fairly rescued from his undertakers. Voluminousness, no doubt, usually acts as a kind of protective *in limine* against deliberate ill-usage; but if it fails, who shall edit the editor in possession? Fortunate, therefore, is the great writer who meets with an adequate editor, and still more fortunate he whose editor falls into the hands of an equally competent revisor! Dryden, whose productions never stood in need of a Warburton, or offered a very promising field of cavil to a Croker (although the late Mr. W. D. Christie must

be allowed to have afterwards adventured with some success in the character of a fault-finder), found in Sir Walter Scott an incomparable Automedon to mount by his side. What “philosopher and friend” could have suited Dryden so well as one who was a scholar by taste rather than by training; in whom no touch of pedantry marred a richly varied equipment of knowledge; whose wide sympathies were vivified by his robust innate Toryism; and, finally, whose ear for all beauties of verse and of prose was equally true, whether or not they coincided with the charms of his own style? Thus, Scott’s edition of Dryden—including, as it did, the biography expanded from Johnson’s in itself admirable *Life*, and exhibiting in some of its salient passages such an appreciation of the difficulties besetting a great literary career as Scott was only too well qualified to offer—was unlikely to be either neglected or superseded. It achieved, however, one of those limited successes which publishers may perhaps be pardoned for regarding without enthusiasm; for, unless we mistake, it was reprinted once only in the course of the fourscore years or so that have elapsed since its first issue. Lockhart confesses that even Scott’s master-hand had proved unable to restore Dryden’s works as a whole to the popular favour which was the due of their literary qualities. Thus, from some points of view at least, the temptation was not overpowering towards a new edition of Dryden’s works, more especially since neither Northamptonshire, nor “Athens” or “Thebes,” nor the archives of those theatrical houses which he so liberally augmented, could contribute any discoveries of importance such as might have improved the chances of such an enterprise. Mr. Saintsbury was, therefore, in our judgment, well advised when, in undertaking—now eleven years ago—the revision of Scott’s *Dryden*, he imposed upon his enterprise the limits which he indicated in Vol. I. of the new edition, and to which, with commendable candour, he recurs in a “postscript” prefixed to the concluding Vol. XVIII., now in our hands. He promised his readers a conscientiously revised text, and, as our previous notices of his edition have shown, he has given in this respect what he promised. Here and there—in the matter of a Greek accent or so, as the two volumes before us suggest—the last file may be wanting; and the translation of Du Fresnoy’s *Art of Painting*, a “pot-boiler,” if the expression be permitted, quite unique in its way, being in Scott’s words “the rendering into prose by a great poet of the admired poem of a foreign bard,” has still, notwithstanding Mr. Saintsbury’s efforts to discover a copy of the original text, to be printed according to Jervas’s revision. More serious is the absence of a bibliography; but this defect there is reason to hope the editor may find leisure to make good at some future time; and meanwhile Mr. Gosse has supplied a valuable list of dates extracted from the advertisements of the *Observer* and the *London Gazette*. It reminds us, incidentally, of the date of the “Ode to the Memory of Anne Killigrew,” and of the fact that the confession contained in that beautiful poem belongs to the period of Dryden’s life when his conversion, though not yet accomplished, was near at hand. How interesting in this connexion are Dryden’s observations, in the famous preface to the Translation of Du Fresnoy’s poem aforesaid, on the popular fallacy expressed in the lines of Catullus, of which he had himself on occasion made use—

castum esse decet pium poetam
Ipsium. Versiculos nihil necesse est—

and how melancholy is the reflection that a great poet’s influence over our literature has been so far enduringly impaired by a recklessness which, to apply an expression of his own, has “tied his hands behind him.” “It has been,” Dryden writes in his *Life of Lucian*, reprinted in Mr. Saintsbury’s eighteenth volume, “the common fault of all satirists to make vice too desirable while they expose it; but of all men living, I am the most unfit to accuse Lucian, who am so little able to defend myself from the same objection.” Whether or not Lucian was actually guilty of all the “luscious” writings attributed to him by Dryden, two assertions will hardly be disputed; the first, that as to this matter of freedom of treatment, the two authors differed from one another in kind rather than in degree; and the second, that whatever failings Dryden may have had to confess, his broad and brave spirit never so much as attempted to understate them in the process.

But, to return. Mr. Saintsbury (for why should we pretend to ignore a patent fact?) has been grievously delayed in the production of the later volumes of this edition; and, in our judgment, he deserves the thanks, not only of the purchasers of its earlier volumes, but likewise of all those who know how difficult it would have been to find another scholar competent to take his place, for having refused to leave his task unfinished. We had, we may freely confess, at one time looked forward to new appendices to this revised edition of greater length and fulness. Such an ex-

* *The Works of John Dryden; Illustrated with Notes, &c. by Sir Walter Scott. Revised and corrected by George Saintsbury. Vols. XVII. and XVIII. London: Printed for William Paterson & Co. 1892-3.*

cursus as that on "Dryden's Gallicisms" is of a kind to make every student of the writer who more largely than any one of his contemporaries transformed English style in prose, and lastingly influenced it in verse, ask for more on the same theme; while the "words on the general subject of Dryden and Milton" are few indeed, and the companion note on "Dryden and Swift" too airily assumes a view of the literary character of the latter which might, peradventure, be contested. On the other hand, the note on "Dryden and Jonson" is an admirable little essay, and a most pleasing example of that cool, but very far from ungenerous, species of criticism which Mr. Saintsbury has not studied in vain in the French masters. And the Appendix on the "Hymns recently attributed to Dryden" would alone suffice to give a value of its own to Mr. Saintsbury's concluding volume.

The readers of the *Saturday Review* for August and September of the year 1884, and of the *Dublin Review* for October of the same year, will probably remember certain articles which recalled the consistent tradition among English Roman Catholics that Dryden was the author of more hymns than were acknowledged by, or publicly attributed to, him, some of them having, it is said, been composed "by way of penance" for aberrations more or less conjectural. In these articles the veracity of the tradition in question was corroborated with remarkable force by its being applied to a particular series of sacred poems. This was a number of hymns—altogether not less than 120—first printed in a book of devotion which formed one of a long succession, extending over more than a century, of Roman Primers. In this particular Primer, bearing the date of 1706 (Dryden died in 1700), were also contained the three hymns already known as Dryden's—translations respectively of the "Veni, Creator," the "Te Deum," and the hymn, attributed to Lactantius, "Ut queant laxis." The last-named piece had been printed by Scott, together with the Latin original, in his *Life of Dryden*, under the heading of "Hymn for St. John's Eve (29th June)." It is, however, as Mr. Saintsbury points out, not "a Hymn for St. John's Eve" at all, nor does St. John's Eve fall on June 29th. But in the *Primer* of 1706, where this hymn ("O sylvan prophet," &c.) is printed as the first of a set of three "On the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, 1724," and bears the sub-title "The Hymn at Even-song," the date "June 29th" does occur at the beginning of the next hymn, namely, that for the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, which actually falls on this day. Now, to begin with, the metre of the three hymns for the feast of St. John the Baptist is unknown to earlier editions of the *Primer*, while in the edition of 1706 appear not less than eleven pieces composed in it. Eight others are in heroic couplets, a metre likewise new to the *Primer*; and five of these translations have the same *Gloria*. And, the clue being thus given, the inquiry naturally suggests itself: "What is the internal evidence of style and manner as to Dryden's authorship of the bulk of the hymns which first made their appearance in the *Primer* of 1706?" To this question Mr. Saintsbury's Appendix presents by far the fullest and most convincing answer which, to our knowledge, has yet been made public, thus practically settling the question. In a long series of hymns selected from this *Primer* he has with unerring precision italicized passages which, in his judgment, announce themselves as Dryden's; and there seems to us in no instance any reasonable ground for an appeal against his conclusion. Here is a single example from the hymn for Passion-tide ("Vexilla regis prodeunt," &c.):—

Behold the royal banners fly,
The cross's shining mystery,
Where life itself gave up its breath,
And Christ by dying conquered death.

The audacious steel let out a flood
Of water mixed with saving blood;
Whilst man's redemption, with the tide,
Came rushing from the Saviour's side.

The whole inquiry is, however, too obviously one of details to admit of reproduction here; and the reader must pursue it himself with the aid of Mr. Orby Shipley's *Annus Sanctus* (1884), where most of these hymns are reprinted. Mr. Saintsbury has abstained from complicating matters by discussing the authorship of the translations of the *Stabat Mater* and *Dies Irae*, which are reprinted in the *Primer* of 1706 from that of 1687, and the latter of which there seems good reason for attributing, not to Dryden, but to Roscommon. As, however, Dryden's editor will convince himself by glancing at the article "Primers" in Mr. Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, he makes a slip in stating that "the next earlier recension of mark" before the 1706 edition of the *Primer* "had been that of 1685, which was compiled while Dryden was still a member of the Church of England, and could not, therefore, have enjoyed the benefit of his services." The *Primer* of 1687 was, no doubt, in substance a revision of that of

1685; but it contained a few new hymns, among them the above-mentioned version of the *Dies Irae*; and by 1687, of course, Dryden was a declared Roman Catholic.

In a series of "Additions and Corrections to the Present Edition" Mr. Saintsbury offers his readers a considerable amount of new and valuable matter. We have already mentioned the bibliographical contribution of Mr. Gosse, whose learning has been of manifold other service to this edition. There is also an iconography of Dryden, mainly based on the researches of Malone and the late Mr. Robert Bell; as to the one portrait of Dryden in the National Portrait Gallery, which appears to be identical with that by James Maubert, formerly in the possession of Horace Walpole, Mr. Saintsbury shrewdly suspects it to be a copy from Edelinck's well-known engraving of one of Kneller's portraits of Dryden. Maubert was chiefly known as a copyist, and died as late as 1746. Another interesting note is that giving the songs in the *Prophetess*, Fletcher's play revived in 1690 as an opera, with Purcell's music. A copy in Mr. Gosse's possession bears the MS. superscription, "By Mr. Dryden and Mr. Betterton"; but it is, of course, possible that the reference to Dryden is due merely to the fact that he wrote a prologue to the opera, which was prohibited on account of the insolence of its allusions to King William's Irish campaign and to the regency of Queen Mary. Mr. Saintsbury, however, while finding no reason for suspecting Dryden to have had a share in the "revised" dialogue, considers that in some of the lyrics introduced into the new edition of the play "there are echoes and suggestions of Dryden here and there." Although strongly inclined to trust a trained insight which, in truth, furnishes the surest guidance in such matters, we feel in this instance less absolutely confident in following Mr. Saintsbury than in that of the Roman Catholic Hymns. At the same time, we agree with him in wishing to claim for Dryden the pretty song beginning:—

What shall I do to show how much I love her?

The ditty has some halting lines, to be sure; but its mixture of rhythms is oddly effective, and, as Mr. Saintsbury points out, not without a parallel in Dryden; while the first lines of the several stanzas are charming. The opening line, by the way, which we have cited aptly illustrates a passage in a letter addressed by Dryden to Walsh ("knowing Walsh"), which forms part of a series of six which were first printed in Mr. Robert Bell's edition of Dryden, and which may profitably be compared with the juvenile Pope's letter "on the niceties of versification" to the same worthy.

'Philareque, or the Critique on Balzac, observes it as a fault in his style, that he has in many places written twenty words together (*en suite*) which were all Monosyllables. I observe this in some lines of your Noble Epigram; and am often guilty of it myself through hastiness. Mr. Waller counted this a virtue of the English tongue, that it could bring so many words of the Teutonique together, and yet the smoothness of the Verse not vitiated.'

But our comments on this edition, and on its concluding volumes in particular, might run to an unwelcome length were we fairly to begin writing "about them and about them." We congratulate Mr. Saintsbury on the termination of labours carried on under singularly trying conditions; and we congratulate the admirers of Dryden's mighty genius on the completion of a revised edition of his works which will most assuredly bear the test of time.

NOVELS.*

IT is unfortunate that Mrs. Stephen Batson should have found it necessary to expand her novel, *Such a Lord is Love*, by means of matter extraneous to its central interest. The fortunes of the three clever Miss Temples and their relations with the five men, severally their lovers and husbands, are absolutely sufficient for the scope of the story, and it would have been stronger if they had been undiluted by cut-and-dry discussion of the condition of the agricultural labourer, descriptions of Wessex Christmas waits, Brittany "pardons," and other such withered material. Even with this error of judgment the story is excellent. The three sisters (there was a fourth, but she married

* *Such a Lord is Love*. By Mrs. Stephen Batson. London: Innes & Co. 1893.

The Emigrant Ship. By W. Clark Russell. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1893.

The Swing of the Pendulum. By Frances Mary Peard. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1893.

Barabbas: a Dream of the World's Tragedy. By Marie Corelli. 3 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1893.

A Heart's Revenge. By B. Loftus Tottenham. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1894.

a foolish person, adored him, and had ten babies, so her history is not to the point) are touched with most delicate and discriminating handling. None of them is invariably wise or right in her behaviour; Lady Waldron married a man she did not love; Elisabeth frankly jilted her bridegroom almost at the church door, and Adria ran away from her husband in the way wives do who are more virtuous than indulgent. But they are all essentially womanly, interesting, amusing; to be followed in all their vagaries with a sense that they will go right in the end, and sympathized with in all their moods and tempers. The author describes the social sphere she has selected with the glance of cultivated observation and understanding, and with a refined playfulness by no means common. Could the Oxford Professor's absurd metaphysical talk and the "waits" and "pardons" have been cut away, the story would have been a little piece of social comedy, of natural life, of accurate character-sketching of people of to-day, neither above nor below the level of ordinary, intelligent, well-bred English folks. In fact, it is that as it stands.

Not a bad way to secure a consistent and persistent circle of readers is to make your books all on one pattern. Then people who like the pattern send for each fresh work confidently as it appears, and people who don't care for it never send for it at all, and are never disappointed. There are, perhaps, to whom the nautical technicalities of Mr. W. Clark Russell oppose puzzlements too difficult. And there are undoubtedly who love the sea, the fresh and open breeze, the oceanic breadth of space, the spacious sky, the cloud procession, the rushing storm, and who welcome each of his novels with the same untired alacrity with which they return again and again to the unwearied unwearying ancient sea. Great part of the charm many, we should say most, people find in these sea novels is that they are of the time before steam. Hearts of oak appeal to us in a way hearts of engines and screws cannot do. The sweep of a wooden sailing ship over the billow is an entirely different thing from the sickening shudder and quiver of an engine-driven monster. The generation of to-day, however, want to get there quick, not to get there pleasantly, and an ominous note is struck in the concluding utterance of Captain Morgan, in *The Emigrant Ship*, Mr. Russell's latest novel, "Unless I go into steam, which I've rather a fancy for." *The Emigrant Ship* is a most entertaining story. Captain Morgan has the extraordinary adventures and hair-breadth escapes which Mr. Russell invents in unending succession for his heroes and the "emigrants" are very surprising, if not very agreeable, persons. Mr. Brigstock's notions of a "constitootional" republic, although they were eventually found not to work, are plausible. He and his friends and their emigrant "pardners" propose to found a Free State, guided by counsels of perfection, on a lovely uninhabited island in the Pacific. But when have counsels of perfection kept men and women up to their level? Neither did they so in Mr. Brigstock's case.

The picture of the carriage and pony on the cover of *The Swing of the Pendulum* prepares the reader for the locality in which a part at least of Miss Peard's story is to pass. The preparation is not wholly joyous. A genuine Norwegian novel by one to the manner born is one of the most interesting things in modern fiction; but an English story filtering itself through the sands of a guide-book, a series of panoramic backgrounds justifying their existence by the posturing of figures in front, is doleful work. The author has apparently had a very pleasant little tour in Norway; her impressions are bright, and she has looked about carefully for description; but beyond description she does not take us. The second volume, which brings the travellers back to their homes in England, is pleasanter, since the figures fit more easily into their places, and there is no longer any occasion to mention what a friend of Mr. William Black maliciously spoke of as his "cauliflower sunsets." As for the figures themselves, they are of the most conventional order. The beautiful flirt, the sweet and loving maiden, the flippant matron; the foolish boy lover, the feeble cynic—here they all are alive and well. They do not seem more alive because they "fling" glances, "shoot out" replies, "sweep" and "swing" each other about. At times it would seem as if Miss Peard's pen had wandered into Mr. Meredith's ink bottle. "She suffered his hope to sail like a kite, straining at its cord, then with a jerk down came the poor flutterer and dragged helplessly on the ground." On other pages Mr. Henry James's allusive subtleties glance furtively out. And withal Miss Peard has a pleasant way of writing of her own.

From the treatment of the drama involved in *Barabbas* angels might turn away with timidity; but Miss Marie Corelli attacks it with courage and self-confidence. After this nothing is too sacred. *Barabbas* the robber, Judas the betrayer, Mary the sinner, Peter the denier, the Mother of God herself are sufficiently strange personages to find in the pages of a novel, but the author has not stopped at these. It is true she covers

her flights of imagination by the second title, *A Dream of the World's Tragedy*, and no one can be held responsible for dreams. It is evident that Miss Corelli does not regard her descriptions, her interpolations, her fantastic embroideries, her pretentious inventions as irreverent. The irreverence which does not know itself is audacity. The Scriptures hold this sacred history so enshrined in divine simplicity that no bold hand can hurt it; but pious hearts will shrink with pain from passages in this work, and not alone those which touch the central mystery no fictionmonger should dare to dally with. That a novel writer should take up the hinted story of *Barabbas* (though the theft of jewelry Miss Corelli fastens on the "robber" is meaner than there is evidence to justify), and make him finally follow the footsteps of Him to whom he was preferred, is quite fair. Also the view of Iscariot's motive taken by Miss Corelli is one which has been freely discussed and shared by serious thinkers. Her bold descriptions of the flight of the angels to the tomb and other heavenly manifestations are no more offensive than pictures by the old masters, though they are not dowered with the same sweet simplicity. But, to cite one instance out of many, the dialogues in which *Barabbas* questions the Virgin and Joseph on the subject of their child should never have appeared, should never have been written. Throughout the book is couched in inflated, strained, monotonous, wearisome language. Pilate, the proud Roman Procurator, is shown inflicting with his own hands the scourging—an office always done by slaves or soldiers. Miss Corelli had better have left the story of *Barabbas* where she found it, or to scholarly commentators who have studied his time. Her book is not a crime; but it is a blunder.

A Heart's Revenge is an ambitiously-written novel, the attempted height of its flight making its failure more conspicuous. The author has talent, but it is, at any rate as displayed in this work, a hard, steely, unsympathetic talent, which attracts little interest, and, at times, little attention. The construction is faulty. Each chapter seems a fresh episode, opened with singular stiffness, as if the writer felt difficulty in resuming the thread of the story. The thread itself is tangled and knotted. Readers of novels, like audiences at the theatre, should not be bewildered nor left in intentional ignorance of events which are continually alluded to with mysterious emphasis. The fate of Margaret Vernon which hovers ominously over the Vernon family, and is the constant subject of vague dialogue and obscure meditation through three volumes, is only lamely explained, and that at the end of so many years the reader feels it really does not much signify. The Statute of Limitations covers it. A worse fault than this is the absence of attractiveness in the people who move over the panorama-like canvas. Edward Vernon, the central figure, is in every relation of life a cold, egotistic tyrant. His wife is flippant and unprincipled, his son insolent and disobedient, his daughter stony-hearted. His several aunts are one more odious than another, but all less odious than his mother. Lucia Viselli, the inconceivable prima donna, is, perhaps, less offensively ill-tempered than the rest, but she is so conventionally presented, that she never appears real. So little like plain flesh and blood is she, that when the reader is told she inherits the Vernon property through the marriage of her mother (the haunting Margaret) to a foreigner who had another wife living at the time, he receives the statement without question. It enables her to marry her ill-tempered cousin, and close the story, and it puts an end to any need of reading more about the family.

MR. LOWELL.*

TO the many English readers who knew Mr. Lowell in his later days these volumes of his letters, edited by the experienced and sympathetic hands of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, will have an effect which is curious, and not exactly paralleled in our own pretty long experience of biographies of persons known and unknown. The first quarter of the book seems to describe a different person from him whom the last three quarters—and especially the last years of all—display. We may say at once that this is by no means the effect of a mere personal fallacy, nor that of mere natural growth and development. The time at which Mr. Lowell becomes recognizable antedates, by fully five and twenty years, the time at which he became Minister in England. But it coincides with a remarkable change in the circumstances of Mr. Lowell's own life. The letters of his youth which Mr. Norton has printed do not seem to us particularly interesting; they are simply those of any rather clever boy

* *Letters of James Russell Lowell*. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. 2 vols. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1893.

The Poet and the Man: Recollections of James Russell Lowell. By F. H. Underwood. London: Bli- & Sand, & Foster. 1893.

brought up in any rather limited society. Indeed, the most interesting trait of his youth recorded here is not in these early letters at all, but casually mentioned long afterwards, to the effect that he once put a loaded pistol to his head and was afraid to draw the trigger. "Which many does it"; but for the right sort there is wonderful discipline in that cold muzzle. His early marriage with a young lady, who is said to have possessed great beauty, and who must have had considerable strength of character, had beyond all doubt a most powerful influence on him. Miss Maria White, it seems to be admitted, made her husband an Abolitionist; and she even made him assist at a performance in which she distributed flags to the "Watertown [it is almost impossible not to write "Watertoast"] Washington Total Abstinence Association." To those who knew Mr. Lowell long afterwards, the idea of his taking part in the distribution of flags to the United Watertoast, or Watertown, Washington Total Abstinence Association is not, indeed, incredible—nothing human is incredible—but *baroque*, out of composition, an insipid and almost indecent joke. But it seems to have been a fact.

In this atmosphere, and in the plenitude of his youthful vigour, Mr. Lowell excogitated the strong, but faulty, sallies of the earlier *Biglow Papers* in reference to the Mexican War, and attempted divers serious poems, which were a little beyond his powers. Then, in 1853, Mrs. Lowell died, her death being closely accompanied by that of three of their children; and her husband suffered sorrow which, perhaps, in a certain sense, he never entirely recovered, though he was still a young man. But the mental effect on him was almost wholly beneficial. By degrees, and pretty rapidly, the priggish tone which is so noticeable earlier, and which a man of his exceptional ability might surely have shaken off before he arrived at thirty-four, disappears. He retains, of course, the Abolitionist craze—you never completely recover, having once succumbed to complete unreason.

He retains and develops that liability to sudden attacks of skinless patriotism, or rather Chauvinism, which he never wholly outgrew, and which almost to his latest days, when London was admittedly his favourite place of residence, made him indulge in outbursts, after the fashion of the celebrated "Condescension in Foreigners," which used to arouse quiet convulsions of cynical delight in naughty Englishmen who liked him. But he gradually ceased to be parochial; and, despite the frightful tug which the "parish" made on him at the time of the Civil War, he never wholly relapsed after that time. In after days he grumbled over the twenty years' spell of professional work in modern languages and literatures to which he succeeded Longfellow at Harvard after his first wife's death. He was a man who never liked regular collar-work, and no doubt the chains of slavery were rather galling. But the wide study which the task imposed on him, or rather which he imposed on himself in virtue of it, was the very thing which he required. He had, to do him justice, begun it much earlier; indeed, no one who ever talked to him on literary subjects could feel the slightest doubt that he was a born man of letters in the best sense. But this twenty years of continuous reading gave him just the outlook, just the range, that the average American so lamentably and obviously lacks. He *knew*. In reference to the classics, he was always modest, but his knowledge of them was certainly above the not very high level of his countrymen. In English he was a thorough scholar, and nothing is more funny in these volumes than the conflict in his letters to Mr. Howells of his personal liking for his correspondent and his detestation of that correspondent's literary standards. Of old French literature there were not probably at his death half a dozen men of the English-speaking races who had read so much as he had; he was thoroughly competent in Italian, and (later) in Spanish, and though German seems to have appealed to him less, he was at home in it. Then when his middle-age drudgery was over, and the rise in building value of his land at Elmwood had already enabled him to secure a sufficient, if not gorgeous, income for life, the success of his friends, under President Hayes, provided him with new opportunities. Madrid was only the last of his *Lehr- and Wanderjahre* stages; in London he showed himself both during his tenure of the Ministry, and afterwards in his yearly visits, completely *dans son assiette*. "The best of life," as Rabbi ben Ezra has it, was certainly for him "to be" in the last decade or rather more of his fairly long span, marred as even that was by the second great sorrow of his second wife's death. A most interesting soul-history, and one displayed here with unusual clearness, from priggish and provincial youth to mature and reconciled old. "A calmed and calming *mens adept*," in the great phrase of a writer he must have known, displayed itself in Lowell's later life—not, indeed, quite fully, for there were flaws and drawbacks in him to the last. But certainly the precept *antiquam exquirite matrem* never was so fully justified as of him.

From the time when he became in a manner a domiciled Englishman, his improvement was quite astonishing.

It is, therefore, in the second of these volumes, and to some extent in the latter part of the first, that the most agreeable and interesting matter will be found; and much of this is very agreeable indeed. We have not seen many letters so good as the best of these of the later vintages to ladies, both American and English, to Mr. Thomas Hughes and Mr. Leslie Stephen, to Mr. Norton, Mr. Fields, Dr. Holmes, and others. "Perfect" would indeed be too strong a word for them. Mr. Lowell was at all times liable to odd lapses of taste in the way of joking, such as that awful thing about the cataract and the eye, which enabled Mr. Swinburne (to whom, indeed, he was neither kind nor just) to have his revenge on him. When, as almost to the last he sometimes did, he put on a tattered old Lexington uniform and loaded a crazy musket with a dangerous charge of coarse powder and clumsy shot to have a blaze at England, benevolent Englishmen, quite careless of the fire themselves, were always afraid that the thing might burst and damage Mr. Lowell himself irretrievably. His serious verse—though he wrote some charming things, not a few of which dated from his last decade—was rarely spontaneous enough; and, unlike Mr. Longfellow's, was apt to be laboured when it was not commonplace, and trivial when it was not laboured. His elaborate public speeches, though excellent, have been, we think, praised enough; but the best of his literary criticism is quite admirable, and infinitely the best thing of its kind that his country has produced. Of the *Biglow Papers* we know that it is not easy to speak. The author of the book which we have coupled with Mr. Norton's good-naturedly says that Englishmen who cannot appreciate Burns can be still less expected to appreciate Hosea. Perhaps an Englishman to whom neither dialect has ever presented the slightest difficulty or stumbling-block, and to whom Mr. Lowell's spreadeagleism is neither more nor less distasteful than the sans-culottism of Burns, may be permitted to say that he thinks the *Biglow Papers* delightful. But the fact was that the quality of their writer was very considerably superior to the quality of even the best of his works.

And, whatso'er the failings on his part,
He was a Man of Letters in his heart.

The qualities of the Man of Letters—who, in his rare and perfect quiddity, when he is neither a pedant, nor a muff, nor a sloven, nor a mugwump, nor a cad, is probably the best kind of man going—are well illustrated in this book. There is not very much ostentation of literary talk in them, but the occasional divergences into that subject are fresh and sound; there is a rather unexpected indulgence in somewhat florid, but never overdone, description of natural objects and scenes; and there is plenty of humour, not seldom recalling to those who have seen it the quaint look of the writer's eyes—between a twinkle and a flash—which was the distinguishing and most attractive part of his physiognomy. This was never more perceptible, by-the-by, than when one discreetly poked fun at his above-mentioned spreadeagleism, of which, if there is some evidence in these letters, there is also evidence that he was aware of the weakness thereof. He once told the story which he tells here in a letter to Mrs. Clifford (only, as we remember it, the second line of his quotation was

Where ye'll get never nane)

of the set-down administered by him to a Scotchman who complimented him on his English. An evil-minded hearer, with as ingenuous and demure a countenance as he could assume, replied, "Yes, Mr. Lowell; it is wonderfully like an Englishman's." And the way in which a very distinct flash went off into a still more distinct twinkle was good to see and remember.

Mr. Underwood's little book is an extremely enthusiastic, but not unreasonable or disproportionate, eulogy of Mr. Lowell by a man who knew him intimately forty years ago and since, and who, like him, has had the advantage of representing America "at the centre," and so rubbing off centrifugal and lucifugal mould. Mr. Underwood's enthusiasm sometimes makes us smile; but his estimate is seldom irrational. Unless we mistake, neither he nor Mr. Norton—though a long letter of "Reminiscence" from Mr. Leslie Stephen, which Mr. Norton publishes, contains a reference to Mr. Lowell's habit of exalting Jewish ancestry—mentions the fact that he himself admitted or claimed Jewish blood. We have been informed that, whether seriously or not, he often did so. Mr. Underwood tells an interesting story of Thackeray, who said to him many years ago that he could not understand the devotion of Lowell (between whom and Thackeray himself there was warm liking) to "second-rate serious verse." Mr. Underwood's criticism that Thackeray's conception of poetry may be judged from his own ballads is rather uncritical. The

truth is that, as we have said, Lowell's serious verse is rarely, if ever, other than second-rate.

Nor are we able to agree with Mr. Underwood in his admiration for the Fable for Critics. It is quite true that very few of the reputations against which Lowell directed his satire were very high reputations. But the spirit of the thing was not good; it was, as the letters published by Mr. Norton show, by degrees, if not in its first condition, made the exponent and vehicle of some rather ignoble feelings, and its literary execution is facile and undistinguished for the most part.

On the other hand, Mr. Underwood has some uncommonly sensible remarks on the unreasonableness of his own countrymen for being angry with Lowell because he occasionally made difficulties about presenting them at Court. Also Mr. Underwood gives a bibliography of the works, which is all the more useful, inasmuch as their author, in the collected edition issued not long before his death, omitted, as he had a perfect right to do, not a little, and we believe altered more. There are some facsimiles of handwriting, which is a little like Sir Walter Scott's.

THE INDIAN EYE ON ENGLISH LIFE.*

MR. MALABARI has already figured before the English public as an energetic champion of that much-aggravated personage, the Indian woman. The miseries inflicted by child-marriage, the cruel servitude of the Hindu widow, the oppressive seclusion of the Mahomedan wife are topics with which his missionary zeal, a year or two ago, did much to familiarize the more thoughtful classes in this country. No one who met or heard Mr. Malabari could question his sincerity as a reformer or the gravity of the evils against which his efforts were directed, however much they might doubt whether he, as a Parsee, and, consequently, a complete stranger, is the fittest person to urge a domestic revolution on the two main races of India, and whether, indeed, all attempts at interference from without may not serve merely to intensify prejudice, arouse conservative alarm, and so delay the improvements which every humane and enlightened person must sympathize with Mr. Malabari in desiring.

In the present volume Mr. Malabari, leaving his advocacy of woman's rights sternly aside, records the more general impressions of his tour in Europe. He is an experienced and observant traveller, and knows well how to make the best of his opportunities. He seems to have walked about London, in company with a nondescript attendant, taking a careful note of all things, little and great, which would naturally arrest the attention of an intelligent Oriental—the enormous crowds, the hurry and bustle of life—the streams of eager, anxious men—the healthy, vigorous, self-assertive women, with air and gesture telling of independence of thought and action—the bewilderingly abundant appliances for locomotion—the continual vicissitudes of climate—the terrible contrasts of profusion and penury, of social well-being and abject abasement. He writes such excellent English, and is to so large an extent in sympathy with English feeling, that the reader is occasionally startled by touches which reveal an Eastern hand—such suggestions, for instance, as that young ladies riding in Rotten Row should be accompanied by female grooms, or lamentations over the discomforts of European dress. "O those horrible, abominable braces, and the ponderous, murderous overcoat! How I have revolted against them, in spite of the doctor's vehement protests!" Mr. Malabari sees many things which shock him as a moralist and man of taste—the open parade of vice in some places, the drunkenness and squalor in others, no less than the dull monotony of street architecture, and the huge piles of animal food which assail eye and nose unpleasantly from the butchers' shops. "It is an exhibition of barbarism," he observes of this last item, "not unlikely to develop the brute instincts in man. I wish the people could be induced to go in more for vegetables and fruit, for grain, pulse, and other cereals. There would be less alcoholic drink necessary in that case, and a marked improvement in their habits and appearance." Englishmen, Mr. Malabari considers, are somewhat gross and unimaginative feeders. He is appalled at the barbarous profusion of an English lunch:—

"On one such occasion I see a company of poets, philosophers, and fanatics at table, presided over by a young lady, the daughter of the house. I sat there wiping my forehead (they do the eating, I the perspiring), as I saw slices of beef disappearing, with vegetables, mustard, &c. The host then asks me what I think of the food and the mode of eating? I reply instinctively, "It is horrible!" This reply sets the gentlemen roaring and my hostess blushing. . . . How can a

little stomach hold such an enormous lunch? Even women and children take large quantities. What vitality these people have, to be sure! The waste of vitality in their climate and under their conditions of life must be enormous; it has, of course, to be replaced."

Later on, we are happy to observe, Mr. Malabari's own appetite improves, and he confesses to pangs of hunger such as he never experienced in his own country.

One sad result of the hurried life of Englishmen came home personally to Mr. Malabari. It was impossible to find any one with sufficient leisure to attend properly to his projects for the improvement of women in India. The Englishman, he says, is a difficult person to catch:—

"When in a fit of friendship, especially over his cup or at dinner, he may do anything for you. You have to take him at the high tide of breakfast, dinner, or lunch, when he is in love with himself and cooing over the good cheer around. . . . The Englishman in London seems to have no time to dive after a drowning friend. In fact, he is angry at any friend of his happening to sink."

Such men it was naturally difficult to convince of the necessity of marriage-reform in India, or to enter into the discussion from which conviction might ensue. "At best you can do it by snatches, half-explained, half-understood." Mr. Malabari gives some graphic instances of the difficulties which he had to encounter in getting a hearing. He invited a "prominent nobleman" to join his committee. The prominent nobleman at once invited him to dinner, and, when dinner was declined, to breakfast or lunch. At the latter meal a strange gentleman joined them. "We are hardly seated when I find a bright little lady walking merrily in, and dropping into a chair opposite." Everybody is polite; the bright little lady keeps the guest engaged in smooth talk about India, and tempts him with meat and wine, and at last regales him with an ice cream, "the best I have had in England." Lunch over, host and guest return to the study, and the real business of the day begins. Mr. Malabari expounds his programme. The prominent nobleman sits there, "talking, smoking, and glancing at the letters just brought in. This, to an Oriental, is very bad form. But I know my English friend would deal with his brother the same as he is dealing with me. He must make the best of his time in London. I resign myself to the inevitable." Deep, however, are the wiles of prominent noblemen bent on escape. Just as Mr. Malabari was "driving him into a corner on a crucial point, and hoping to secure his adhesion on the spot," his victim jumps up with the exclamation, "Now I must fly. Come to the Hall, Tuesday. Very quiet. Will show you over." "I was fairly stunned," says Mr. Malabari, "by the rapidity of this side move." The nobleman, however, has fled, and the baffled propagandist follows him, resolving, with truly Oriental persistency, that so much good labour shall not be thrown away, and that he will keep pelting his victim with reminders, every three weeks, till he surrenders at discretion. Equally tragic were Mr. Malabari's experiences with "a venerable prelate." This arch-deceiver "last year fought our battle gallantly. But he seems already to have forgotten the battle and the man. He hurries up to me warmly as I am ushered in; and, after listening for a couple of minutes, closes the interview with, 'Let me hear from you from time to time.' He shakes me by the hand, adding, 'God bless you!' and is off before I can recover from my surprise. 'O Cardinal! if you must needs cut a stranger, why cut him so kindly? That is the unkindest cut of them all I have had in London.' Such incidents suggest the inference that the career of a Pilgrim Reformer in the London season, bent on the conversion of society, is not one of unmingled enjoyment either to himself or to those whom he is anxious to convert.

But Mr. Malabari is more than a mere propagandist or casual critic. He studies every branch of English life with the calm, modest, discriminating attention of a man anxious to get at the truth on each occasion, and to appreciate its bearing on the problems of Indian society. He sees everything with a sympathetic and appreciative eye, even those parts of English life with which he might be expected to feel least sympathy—churches, schools, "flower services," Hospital Sundays, Salvation Army congresses, and orphan homes. He is delighted with the various charitable enterprises which he finds everywhere in activity around him. "Perhaps the most striking features of these organizations," he says, "is their catholicity. There is no caste or sect here to stay the hand of charity: the workers in the field of humanity work together as brothers and sisters, giving readily to all that are needy. Nor do we see here much of the pride and self-righteousness of the Eastern dispenser of charity; the pride with which he scatters his superfluous wealth among others; the self-righteousness with which he essays

* *The Indian Eye on English Life; or, Rambles of a Pilgrim Reformer.* By Behramji M. Malabari. London: Constable & Co. 1893.

to win forgiveness for past errors or to make up for past crimes." As regards the relations of Englishmen and Indians Mr. Malabari speaks with excellent good sense, good taste, and dignity. "We are all," he says, "agreed that those relations should be friendly. Englishmen vie with Indians in insisting upon this condition." But Englishmen are apt a little to overdo their kindness, and "the patronizing Englishman does as much harm as he who disparages and decries our merits." Mr. Malabari would have fair play, and nothing more; least of all the condescending politeness of a superior race.

'Treat us more as fellow-subjects. By all means be kind and hospitable to us as you are to your own people; but, above all, be just and impartial. Treat us as you treat your own brethren. Spare us not if you find us tripping. In a word, do not patronize, but befriend us. Give us the right hand of fellowship at school and college, in the highways and byways of public life. Anything more from you we had rather be without.'

In the same sensible spirit he examines the effect of an English education on Indian students. Why is it, he asks, that such persons frequently return from school or college life in England disappointed and soured? Mr. Malabari suggests an adequate explanation in the previous home training of the Indian boy, which has unfitted him to associate with English companions on terms of equality. He is backward in the games which form so large an ingredient in school-boy life. There is no common ground of sympathy, taste, and association. "He may be patronized, for a few weeks, by some good-natured fellows, but he works like a drag upon them, so little can he enter into their habits and feelings." Then, after a fair trial, he is dropped, and is either left to solitude, or taken in hand by the worst set in the school, who initiate him into all their own evil ways. Unhappily the most easily accessible phase of English life is that of vulgar dissipation, and it is with this—and this alone—unhappily, that the young Indian scholar too often becomes familiar.

Notwithstanding these perils, Mr. Malabari is a firm believer in the advantages of a tour in England.

'Now,' he writes, 'that there is a chance of the National Congress holding one of its sessions in London, I should like very much to see a hundred of our best men sent over as delegates and the expense defrayed by public subscription. It would prove a valuable investment if the delegates undertook to use their eyes and ears more than their tongues. The ceaseless activity of the English, their public spirit, their commercial enterprise, their philanthropy, all these, if properly watched, would tell our representatives how a country becomes great and remains so. . . . I honestly believe that such a brief training, given to the more promising of our public workers, would be more profitable to India than the founding of another college or the employment of a thousand additional hands under the Collector Bahadur.'

We are sure, at any rate, that a tour in England, conducted in the modest, discriminating, and sympathetic spirit that everywhere is apparent in Mr. Malabari's work, could not fail to be of inestimable value to the rapidly increasing class of educated men in India who find themselves ousted from all their traditional beliefs and beset with bewildering novelties in every department of thought, and so easily become the victims of the first noisy, superficial, and unscrupulous agitator who crosses their path. Such close juxtaposition of East and West as our Indian administration implies cannot fail to raise many dark and difficult problems—none more difficult than the moral and intellectual destinies of the educated class, which, though still numerically of infinitesimal amount, is, year by year, making itself more felt as a force with which the ruling Power must reckon. Mr. Malabari's interesting volume gives a pleasing idea of the high degree of culture to which educated men in India can now attain, and of the wise sobriety of thought and feeling with which some, at any rate, among them address themselves to the difficult task of understanding their epoch. Whether Mr. Malabari is destined to succeed as a social reformer it would perhaps be rash to prophesy; but he has, at any rate, shown that on the gravest and most important topics he is in close sympathy with all that is best among Englishmen, and that he is capable of so reading English life as to carry back with him much that will prove of interest and value to thoughtful readers, alike in this country and in India.

BLOODY ARM.*

MR. JAMES BECKWOURTH, known in Crow society as Bloody Arm, was believed by many to be quite the greatest liar in the United States. This, in itself, gives him

* *James Beckwourth*. Edited by C. G. Leland. London: Fisher Unwin.

some claim to our admiration. The facts in Mr. Beckwourth's history are few, and inconspicuous. Mr. Leland, who edits Beckwourth's Memoirs, penned to the hero's dictation by Mr. T. D. Bonner, cites but few documentary sources. The *Montana Post*, in a brief but rather ungenial obituary notice (1867), says that Mr. Beckwourth drew his lineage on both sides from royalty, or that is our inference from the statement that he was the son of a negress by an Irishman. Both parents, we doubt not, were descended from kings—"African, unfortunately," or Hibernian. According to the *Montana Post*, James resided in the valley of the Sierra Nevada, but after "transactions," probably in horses, flew to Missouri. He tried trade, also matrimony, liked them not, and died. A manuscript note on a copy of Mr. Beckwourth's Memoirs remarks that he was "a noted old liar" (*sic*). True, a friend of Mr. Leland's avers that Beckwourth, as a chieftain of the Crows, once killed a grizzly alone in a cave with a knife. Beckwourth tells a similar tale of another man; either or both may be true. This friendly witness calls Beckwourth the son of a quadroon and a planter; as he speaks contemptuously of a mulatto, perhaps he was an Octoroon himself. Mr. Leland's friend was actually acquainted with a real Beckwourthian adventure, and, as it seems that he witnessed the affair with the bear, that also must be accepted, we presume, as historical.

For the rest, we fear that this magnificent fabulist can scarcely be treated, like Tanner, as an authority on Indian manners. His narrative will delight boys; for he makes out that he richly deserved his name of the Bloody Arm, unlike "Huckleberry Finn, the Red-handed." A gentleman who, needing material for an operation in curriery, thought it simpler to shoot an Indian than a deer, is not very particular. Mr. Beckwourth nearly killed one of his Indian wives for merely attending a scalp-dance in honour of white scalps. He was extremely polygamous, and, having plenty of wives, ran off with the spouse of another chief. His best wife (who slew three enemies off her own spear) was admitted to the Great Medicine Lodge as presumably the most virtuous woman among the Crows. The account of this ceremony, wherein Mr. Beckwourth was lashed to the top of a pole forty feet high, is "interesting, but tough." He persuaded the Crows that he had "great medicine," and even combined very adroitly a "veridical dream," the more to beguile them. As he probably was not alone in this kind of practice, a good deal of savage clairvoyance may doubtless be explained as the result of early and exclusive information. John Tanner, on the other hand, who was caught as a child, used to dream his own magical dreams in the orthodox Red Indian fashion. Mr. Beckwourth joined the Crows later at the age of twenty-four or so, and was wont to keep Christmas by himself, as despairing of his ability to explain the whole circumstances to the Indians. Indeed, his conduct was far from Christian, as a rule, though his compunctions about eating a whole duck when his party were starving do credit to his heart. Revived by the duck, he shot a prodigious mixed bag of deer and other animals. In later life he would never shoot a duck if he could help it, just as the Bruces do not kill spiders. He was a person of prodigious courage strength, and magnanimity, "instead of which he went about the country" scalping Indians and trifling with the feelings of married ladies. In the course of an adventurous career Mr. Beckwourth shed nearly as much blood as Mr. Allan Quatermain, whom, in one respect (that of undeviating regard for truth), he so closely resembled. One day he ran ninety-five miles, just as D'Artagnan once rode a league in two minutes. To be sure, Indians were after him, while D'Artagnan was only after Fouquet. Mr. Beckwourth's remarks on the Indian character are much like those of more credible observers. He found in them great generosity and a perfect absence of envy. His book may be recommended as a Christmas present for boys and persons who do not shrink from a great deal of bloodshed in fiction. To older students the narrative becomes rather monotonous, and the anthropologist can hardly, with much confidence, cite Mr. Beckwourth.

OLD COURT LIFE IN SPAIN.*

Old Court Life in Spain is a title which at once sets one thinking of tales about the Houses of Austria and Bourbon, of Mme. d'Aulnoy, of Aarsens van Sommelsdyk, of Saint-Simon, and of Ruy Blas. But Mrs. Elliot concerns herself not at all about them or their times. Her Court life begins with King Wamba and ends with the Catholic sovereigns. She has, in fact, written two volumes of stories from Spanish history. They are collected out of authorities of whom she gives a list at the beginning with a candour which disarms criticism. In it her

* *Old Court Life in Spain*. By Frances Minto Elliot, Author of "Old Court Life in France" &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.

own *Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain* is referred to in the company of Bradley—*Story of the Nations*—Mrs. Humphry Ward, in *Smith's Dictionary of Christian Biography*, Dozy—*Histoires* (a vague reference), and *Chronicles of King Alfonso el Sabio*, which may mean different things. We have no fault to find with the title or her purpose. Old Spanish history is full of good things which may be innocently retold even by those who make no pretence to profound research. As for the title, Mrs. Elliot, *está en su casa donde es señora de ella*—she is in her own house, and may name her book as she pleases.

Touching the manner in which her stories are told, we have to say that, for those who like the continuous use of the historic present, it will be found all they can desire. Without asserting that our author never deviates from her favourite tense, we can give our certificate that she rarely shows such weakness in her affection. These readers will in nowise be shocked—nor yet amused—by the queer forms taken by Spanish words and names on her sparkling page. "Johana el Loca" will seem to them quite proper, the false concord in "amigo mios" will cause no surprise. "Fadique" for Fadrique, "Jeffé" for Jefe, "El Rey justiciari" for justiciero, "Sua grandeza"—where the pronoun should be Su—"Nuevo" for Nuevo Mundo, "Alvarez de Luna" (the gentleman's christian name was Alvaro), and "Gutierra de Cardenas," where a grovelling accuracy would write Gutierre, these things will pass with the reader who never tires of the historic present. We see no reason why anybody should be offended at these things. It is only a vulgar pedantry which will be annoyed when it is informed that a Spanish gentleman addressed Bertrand du Guesclin as "Señor Contabile," which if it were Spanish at all would mean Mr. Bookkeeper. A wise man will remember that the graceful pen of woman is not to be tied down to the prosaically accurate Señor Condestable—My Lord Constable. It is a poor critical heart which will not rejoice at learning how Bertrand, with "his dark scathed face, gazes down on the deadly struggle [between Pedro and his brother]; then with the words, 'Mi quito in pungo rey freya seriva, mon Señor, ye n'ote et ne mets pas Roy mars u'ters mon, seigneur,' he seizes Don Pedro by the leg, and turns him over on the undermost side." A man shall go far before he sees so much bad French and bad Spanish in so few words—or so many misplaced commas. Our author knows everything that everybody said to everybody else. The wicked proposals of Don Roderick to La Cava are no secret to her; nor the chaste courtship of Isabel and Ferdinand. She knows what exactly were the circumstances in which the last Gothic King saw "the limbs" of Count Julian's daughter, which was the beginning of woes. She can tell how Isabel of Trastamare (of Trastamare is good; Queen Elizabeth might as well have called herself of Lancaster) cried—

"Give me but your royal word, Infante, for the liberties of Castile, and I am yours while this poor heart beats."

"Enchantress," cried Ferdinand, clasping her in his arms. "Who can withstand you? By Santiago! You have conquered me quite, even against my judgment. I give you my royal word that you shall reign in Castile, even as in my heart, *alone*."

"Then with this kiss do I seal it."

Here the Archbishop came in, and indeed it was time. Some knowledge of Isabel and of Ferdinand, of Castile and of Arragon, rather heightens our enjoyment of this scene of old Court life in Spain. Indeed, a little independent knowledge does us this good turn very often while we are reading these two volumes. Thus our author tells us how Don Juan de Mañara, a wicked favourite of Peter the Cruel, was converted by a vision of his own funeral, and, having died in the odour of sanctity, was buried under the penitent inscription—"Cenizas del peor nombre [a mere slip for hombre] que ha habido en el mundo Don Juan de Mañara." Ford, being a person of no imagination, says that this inscription was put over Don Miguel de Mañara Vicentelo de Lara, who rebuilt the Caridad of Seville in 1661, three centuries after Peter's time, and was the patron of Murillo. This heightens our estimate of Mrs. Elliot's fancy and erudition. When we are told how Don Pedro Giron, Lord of Benevente, described Betrano (the mere Spaniard says Beltran) de la Cueva, Count of Ledesma, as a "low impostor," and, generally speaking, no gentleman, it adds to our appreciation of the local colour to remember that Beltran was the son of the Viscount of Huelma, of an ancient house of Ubeda, and was counted of sufficiently good birth to marry successively a daughter of the Duke of Infantado (Mendoza), a lady of the family of Alvarez de Toledo (the Alvas), and a lady of the line of Fernandez de Velasco whose father was Constable of Castile. All three families counted themselves as good gentlemen as the King, and it would have been pleasant to hear their answer to the Lord of Benevente. By the way, Benavente (we cannot presume to take a lady's license with names)

was not at that time a lordship of the house of Giron, though it has since fallen to them by marriage. It belonged to the Pimentels. Even so, and so accurately, might one speak of Douglas, Earl of Hamilton, circa 1480. Mrs. Elliot's intimate acquaintance with old Court life is perhaps seen at its very best in her account of the reception of Peter the Cruel by the Black Prince. She can tell how the Black Prince leant on the shoulder of young Lancaster, and brought "rosy red" blushes to his "downy cheek" by courtly jests about the "Señoritas of Andalusia," who "must surely inherit some of their mother Maria de Padilla's boasted charms." The vulgar historian records that John of Gaunt was at that period twenty-six years of age, had been married for seven years to Blanche of Lancaster, who was still alive, and had no occasion to trouble his very hard and selfish head about the Señorita of Andalusia, to wit Constance of Castile, till he married her at Bayonne five years later. These rectifications of history, or, if you like it better, graceful feminine sportings and playings with vulgar facts, give a peculiar charm to *Old Court Life in Spain*.

ANIMAL SKETCHES.*

THE alteration in the character of books of science for the young has been very strongly marked in the present generation. There is, now-a-days, no excuse for young Hopeful if he does not know a great deal more about eggs than his grandmother ever did. Books of desultory, but accurate and wholesome, information about zoology abound, and many of them deserve to obtain a wider audience than they ever reach. Mr. C. Lloyd Morgan's *Animal Sketches* is a praiseworthy collection of remarks about creatures big and little, from the elephant to the honey-bee; and no boy could read it carefully without retaining a good deal of what is simply and concisely told.

Mr. Morgan deprecates the idea that he has had recourse to books in forming his notes; on the other hand, he says, "hardly ever have I ventured to write without renewing my acquaintance with the subject in hand, in the country, at the Zoological Gardens, or in the Museum." At the same time the elder reader must be prepared to meet with a good many statements, and even some anecdotes, which are not unfamiliar to him. But, on the whole, the book does give the impression which the author claims for it—of being the result of first-hand observation. About half the sketches, or little essays, deal with mammals; in the second part we come down to molluscs and insects. The style is agreeably chatty and unemphatic, and gives us the idea that the matter was originally delivered verbally to young people—perhaps to a class of boys in the country. It strikes us as admirably fitted for such a purpose, whether it was ever put to it or no.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

FIRST among illustrated gift-books must be placed the work of the illustrious Hans Christian Andersen, whose immortal fairy stories are presented to English readers by a new translator and a new artist in *The Little Mermaid; and Other Tales* (Lawrence & Bullen), done into English by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, and illustrated by Mr. J. R. Weguelin. "In no country," the translator remarks, "is Andersen so well known and so highly appreciated as in England, though here, unfortunately, he has not been very happy in his translators." Mr. Nisbet Bain is somewhat severe in his strictures of previous English renderings. He commends Mme. de Chatelain, Messrs. Ward and Plesner, and Mrs. Howitt, yet of the last he writes, "her Danish is miserably faulty"—which is an odd statement—"and occasionally she commits blunders which would be the ruin of the average translator nowadays." Yet Mr. Nisbet Bain praises highly Mrs. Howitt's rendering of the *spirit* of Andersen. What more would you have in translation than the spirit of the original? To retain some measure of that spirit is the right endeavour of the translator. Some few verbal errors are of no account where that high aim is achieved, and we should regard them with no more severity than Beethoven regarded a wrong note or so in a spirited rendering of one of his sonatas. Slavish literalness may descend to rapid flats of "words, words, words," worse even than the "pretentious pedantry" Mr. Nisbet Bain condemns in a recent translator of Andersen. There is some truth in Mr. Nisbet Bain's remark, "No writer of equal genius can bear to be so literally translated into English" as Andersen, and there is still more force in his conclusion that Andersen's translators "must become children again themselves before they

* *Animal Sketches*. By C. Lloyd Morgan. Illustrated by W. M. Row. London: Edward Arnold.

can hope to understand him." In this faith Mr. Nisbet Bain has done his work, and it must be owned that he has avoided the dry and hard product of the painful word-by-word translator, without allowing himself the license that disfigures slipshod versions. His English is pleasing and fluent, with just the right quality of colloquial ease which becomes the style of a story-teller, and is emphatically characteristic of the original. As to the artist's work, we cannot but think it was a happy inspiration that led Mr. Weguelin to interpret the exquisite imaginings of Andersen. His drawings are admirably sympathetic with the spirit of the stories, and extremely refined in style and graceful in conception. They must be placed in the first rank as artistic translation. We would note especially the charming drawings for "The Little Mermaid," "The Marsh King's Daughter," "The Story of the Year," "The Wild Swans," "Ib and Little Christina," and "The Travelling Companion." In the last-named story there is a delightful drawing of the enchanted princess gazing, with something of Moreau-like mysticism in her countenance, at the head of the troll on the floor; and delightful also are the "Naughty Boy" (83), and the lovely drawing of Eliza in "The Wild Swans" (244), and the Marsh King's daughter (124), and the admirable soldier marching off with the tinder-box (41), and many another charming design.

The Hungarian stories of Coloman Mikszath, collected in a handsome folio volume, adorned with Hungarian chromos of gorgeous tints—*The Good People of Palöcz* (Dean & Son)—must be decidedly novel to most English readers. The present version seems to have been made from the French translation. Mr. Clifton Bingham, in some words prefatory, regards the author as a Hungarian Bret Harte or Thomas Hardy. He speaks of the "exquisite simplicity" of the first of these stories of the Hungarian peasantry. We are inclined rather to cite this story as an example of the thinness of *motif* which distinguishes not a few of Mikszath's stories. They are somewhat scrappy and bald, and are scarcely worked out in an artistic spirit. But there are other stories that are marked by a certain stern realism and a dramatic power which are undeniably effective. Such is the curious witchcraft story "Madame Galanda," though even this needs some "filling-in" process, and such are "The Horses of poor John Gelyi," "The Virgin Mary of Gozon," "What became of Margery Gaul," and "The Marvel of Bogy." The new edition of *The Light of the World*, by Sir Edwin Arnold (Longmans & Co.), illustrated by Mr. Holman Hunt, calls for notice here on account of the artist's designs for this popular poem. They were exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, not long since, and discussed by us at the time. With these illustrations there are also excellent photographic reproductions of some of the artist's most remarkable paintings, such as "The Light of the World," "The Shadow of Death," "The Triumph of the Innocents," and other works. A pretty book, and a welcome reprint, is Sir Edwin Arnold's selections from the "Hitopadésa," *The Book of Good Counsels* (Allen & Co.), with very clever illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne. The selection from Longfellow, *The Hanging of the Crane; and other Poems* (Longmans & Co.), is issued from the Riverside Press, of Cambridge, Mass., and is similar in type and illustration to the "Riverside" selection from Whittier issued last year. It is tastefully bound, and adorned with capital photogravure prints.

Icelandic Pictures, by F. W. W. Howell (Religious Tract Society), is one of the best volumes of the popular pictured series, "drawn with pen and pencil." Mr. Howell's work is well written—is, in fact, what old writers would call a "description of Iceland"—and altogether good to read. The illustrations are good, and well selected as to subject. *Tennyson's Heroes and Heroines* (Raphael Tuck & Sons) is composed of a series of pictures, in colour, by Mr. Marcus Stone and others, with some good pen-and-ink drawings by Mr., or Miss, J. P. Sunter. The kind of glorified Christmas card here represented may, for all we know, respond to the popular idea of Tennysonian heroines, but anything more irritating to poetic souls than the "May Queen," the "Maud," the "Lady of Shalott," and the "Lancelot and Elaine," we could not conceive. After these sugared, or candied, fruits of imaginative art, we are quite enamoured of the serious purport of such a book as the Rev. H. H. Bishop's *Pictorial Architecture of France* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), with its sober illustrative aim, realized, we must say, soberly and discreetly. The volume is, from this point of view, nothing less than pictorial. Mr. Bishop's range is a wide one; and, though he does not avoid matters controversial—which were a hard matter—his comment and judgment of architecture are generally such as the judicious may commend. One of his pages, we note, is headed "The Survival of the Fittest," one of the most hideous phrases of modern science, and a loathsome shibboleth, which is generally misused,

and means nothing but the survival of the fittest to survive—which is often enough the most brutal, the most vulgar, and the most stupid of things human. *The Boy's Own Annual*, the year's volume of *The Boy's Own Paper*, is a delightful miscellany of capital stories and other articles, very well illustrated, as is usual with this old favourite among serials. We have also received *Boys Illustrated Annual* (Sampson Low), the first volume of *Boys*, which comprises many good stories, some of which we have dealt with elsewhere; and *Work*, a Journal for Mechanics (Cassell & Co.), the new volume of which contains instructive articles on every description of handicraft, and is fully illustrated by diagrams and working drawings. The new volume of *The Magazine of Art* (Cassell & Co.) contains various etchings and photogravures of good quality, and some notable contributions, such as Mr. Swinburne's "Carols of the Year," Mr. Theodore Watts's notes on the portraits of Lord Tennyson, and Mr. Wedmore's papers on English etchers. The fourth series of the *Cabinet Portrait Gallery* (Cassell & Co.) is as good as previous volumes and contains reductions of some forty fine photographs of more or less eminent persons by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.

M. Paul B. du Chaillu's *Ivar the Viking* (John Murray) would be generally acknowledged as the work of a clever man had it appeared anonymously. It is, however, a kind of popular supplement to the author's much-controverted book on the Vikings, and not, we protest, a good story. It is extremely picturesque in a theatric kind of style; but it is a good deal irritating to the lover of stories. For example, there is nothing but disenchantment when in the midst of some stirring adventure the course of the narrative is stayed, and we are solemnly admonished that such a vessel as that of Ivar "was found at Tune, in Norway, and can be seen at Christiania to-day." We do not want a romance that attempts no more than to justify M. du Chaillu's theories, or to illustrate the musty contents of museums. There is one episode in the book—"the death and burning of Hjørvard" (p. 153)—which is worth more than all the display of ethnical and archaic erudition in the whole story. It tells of the tearless agony of Sigrlin in the presence of her dead husband, and of the bystanders who swear—to comfort her—that they have suffered worse calamities than this, and of Gullrond, who draws the covering from the body of Hjørvard, and bids Sigrlin gaze upon her husband, and kiss his lips, and mind her of the happy past. And she does so, and weeps. It is Tennyson's ballad, "Home they brought her warrior dead," once more. The author, in his preface, deals with his *Viking Age* and his critics, printing a letter from Mr. Gladstone, who declares that, when travelling in Scandinavia, he has felt "something like a cry of nature from within, asserting [credibly, or otherwise] my nearness to them" (the Scandinavian peoples). M. du Chaillu's theories may be right or wrong, or partly right or wrong—we are strongly disposed to favour his chief article of faith—but in a story theory should be subordinate to action and imagination.

Mr. Douglas Fawcett's *Hartmann the Anarchist* (Arnold), and Mr. Max Pemberton's *The Iron Pirate* (Cassell & Co.) are stories that deal in sensational elements, strong and new. Both books have something in common. Mr. Fred Jane, who illustrates with remarkable cleverness Mr. Fawcett's book, is also the artist who has drawn the picture of Mr. Max Pemberton's wondrous yellow ship. "There was a ship, quoth he," might be the motto of both stories. *Hartmann the Anarchist* is the inventor and navigator of the *Attila*, an aerial ship, which carries devastation in its train by means of machine-guns, bombs, liquid and other fire. Mr. Fawcett's story is ingenious, and, since we still hear of the Keely Motor, and the story is dated to the year 1920, who shall say it is improbable, appalling and wonderful though it be? If we find flaws in Mr. Fawcett's design, it is not that we are insensible to the merits of his story. But we are sure that, if Mr. Gladstone should read it, he will wonder that the resources of civilization in 1920 should have been exhausted. The secret of that light, impenetrable material of which the ship was made could scarcely have been a secret to the arsenals of the world. And where were the big guns? The operations of the *Attila* necessitated a descent to within half a mile of the earth—near enough for artillery practice from the hills about London. Then the dome of St. Paul's—which is comparatively a light matter—could scarcely have made so prodigious a crash in falling as to be heard above the "constant roar" of explosions and a tempest of falling bombs (151). *The Iron Pirate* is of a more romantic cast, and tells of the deeds of certain ruffians, of the Stevensonian type, who war with Cunarders and such craft, and terrorize Lloyds and all the maritime powers of the earth. Their ship is driven by gas, and is made of phosphor bronze. Their captain is a Byronic personage, a corsair of luxurious tastes, though scarcely "lord of himself," since he becomes subjected to what some may think the

undue influence of the hero. However, Mr. Pemberton's story is full of power and persuasion, brimful of exciting incident, and of sustained interest to the very last page.

Mr. Manville Fenn is an old hand at books of adventure, and may be said to hold his own in the three books before us. *The Black Bar* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a story of the West Coast of Africa and the slave-trade—which is the "black bar" of civilization—and an uncommonly spirited story it is. It opens with a rousing description of the chase of a slaver by a British man-of-war, which must have speedily captured her quarry if the Yankee captain did not know that his cargo of slaves was his sheet-anchor. When he found himself at close quarters, he just pitched a negro overboard, and sheered ahead, while the English sailors set out to rescue that negro. He gets off scot free for awhile, and then succeeds a pretty interchange of capture and recapture, the whole of which is mighty exciting reading. A capital story also is Mr. Fenn's *Real Gold* (W. & R. Chambers). Of course, the gold of the story is not real gold, though we suspect the too-nimble reviewer will indulge in a descendant on the perilous search for gold mines. The "real gold" is cinchona bark and seed, which, after singular adventures, are secured by an English officer and his son and another boy. Arctic discovery is the subject of Mr. Fenn's third story—*Steve Young* (Partridge & Co.)—which tells of a rescue party becoming shut in by ice in a high latitude, and being restored to hope by those they were seeking. This is an excellent book for boys. Mr. Kirk Munro's story of Aztecs and Toltecs—*The White Conquerors of Mexico* (Blackie & Son)—deals with the romantic history of Cortés and Montezuma, and is not so much a re-cast from Prescott's admirable work as a fresh and stimulating variation on that fascinating theme. It is by far the best book on the subject we know of, and is illustrated with extremely good drawings by Mr. W. S. Stacey. We have also to note new editions of *Gulliver's Travels*, illustrated by Gordon Browne (Blackie & Son); *Yussuf the Guide*, by G. Manville Fenn (Blackie & Son), and *The Log of the "Flying Fish"*, by Harry Collingwood (Blackie & Son).

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

MESSRS. Raphael Tuck & Son have again sent us a collection of Christmas cards remarkable for its artistic beauty and originality of design. Amongst them we would particularly point out the "Minuet Tableau," No. 8000, a group of Watteau figures in a folding-card. The "Photogravure" series—Nos. 8050, 8051, 8055—are real possessions. Amongst the "Wedgwood" series, Nos. 8605 and 8607 are attractive. The "Woodland" series, No. 8081, is new in design. Nos. 8486, 8403, 8242, and 8239, are pretty folding-cards, with quaint figures of children. Nos. 8681 and 8705, the "Mosaic," and 8721, the "Dainty" series; No. 8225, the "Aluminium," folders; "The Salon," the private cards—amongst them Nos. 201 and 202, with pretty figures of children, No. 8792, charmingly executed "robin" cards; No. 8674, the "Lace" series; No. 8028, a Watteau figure on a folding card, the "Children's Christmas Letter"; Series 3, twelve cards and twelve envelopes in a box; and, above all, for beauty of execution, a faithful miniature of Raphael's "Madonna Ansidei," must all be particularly noticed.

We have also had a booklet, "In the Service of the Lord," with a text for every day in the month, compiled by Helen Marion Burnside, and illustrated by Bertha Maguire, &c. The texts are well chosen, and the illustrations are pretty. "Told by the Sunbeams and Me," a book of stories written by Helen Burnside, E. Nesbit, Mary Dickens, M. A. Hoyer and others, with pictures that will attract our little ones, and a toy-book, "Pleasures and Treasures," will be delightful to children. One of the prettiest calendars we have seen is "In Days of Olde," and has for design a lady in a Sedan-chair, with her two bearers.

Messrs. Marcus Ward's collection of Calendars is full of variety and taste. There is the "Time Flies," with quotations from Wordsworth; the "Pansy," with "Thoughts from Shakespeare"; the "Mizpah," "Watchwords," "Happy Days," "The Christian Year," with selections from Keble—all these are cards for every month in the year, tied together with ribbon. The folded screen calendar is a pretty addition for the writing-table, as is also a set of cards in a white metal frame, and a folding calendar.

Amongst the "Date block" Calendars with detachable date leaf for every day in the year, "The Boudoir," "The Tennyson," "The Shakespeare," "The Every Day," and "The Daily Guide," will be amongst the favourites, whilst "To-day," an Office Calendar, is most useful. A concise diary bound in leather with a pencil attached is a capital pocket diary, and a card case

bound in Russia leather with a concise diary would be a very attractive possession.

Some of Messrs. Marcus Ward's booklets are pretty, such as "Footprints of Time," verses by Frances Ridley Havergal; "Thoughts from Shakespeare," "Lead, kindly light," and other hymns, "The Chimes," by Sarah Doudney, and "Flowers from Keble."

Amongst the many pretty designs in Christmas cards which Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. have, No. 360, a set of three with marguerites, lily of the valley, and wood anemone; No. 335, marguerites, primulas, wild violets, and maidenhair ferns; No. 233, snowdrops and ivy leaves, all with greeting and verses on a second card, both tied together with coloured ribbons, are perhaps the best, though No. 369, three designs of sprays of wild flowers with verses, and No. 462, buttercups and daisies on threefold card with gold *repoussé* decoration, are also very pretty. Some of the sixpenny packets of reward cards are particularly good. No. 406, "Chords of Love," with Scripture texts and pictures on one side, hymns by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh; No. 383, "A Happy Christmas," a text and pictures on one side of the card, and appropriate verses, by F. R. Havergal, on the other; "Scripture Lessons," with verses by Charlotte Murray, No. 409; "Thoughts for Children," with texts from Scripture, and stories edited by the Rev. George Everard, on twelve cards decorated with pansies, No. 404, will all be useful to Sunday-school teachers, and give pleasure to their children.

In Messrs. C. W. Faulkner & Co.'s beautiful collection of Christmas gifts, "Love and Sleep, and other Poems," by Lewis Morris, with lovely designs by Alice Havers and Harriet M. Bennett, and "The Love of Christ," with many well-known verses and hymns, and handsomely decorated inside and out, are two books any one might be proud to possess. "The Maypole Dance," by Fred. E. Weatherley, illustrated by Harriet M. Bennett, is a pretty booklet. "A B C," an alphabet of animals, with original pictures, and "Farmyard Tales," with letterpress and pictures that recall ancient delights with modern improvements, will enchant our little ones. "Mr. Hipp; or, Three Friends in Search of Pleasure," contains some funny pictures illustrating incidents in the life of "Mr. Hipp" and his family. "Sweet Arcady" and "The Seasons" are two pretty calendars tied with ribbon, and the Calendar Blotting-book will be useful as well as pretty. It may be noted that some of Messrs. Faulkner & Co.'s Calendars are adapted to advertising purposes, space being artistically left for names and addresses.

Messrs. Faulkner & Co. have also a good collection of games. Amongst them, "Upidee," a race game, cannot fail to attract our young people, and perhaps their elders too. Many of the Christmas cards are original in design and very prettily got up.

From Mowbray & Co. we have the Oxford Christmas cards with their photographs from well-known pictures on religious subjects and texts, all well and carefully arranged and got up, and in great variety.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN pursuance of a feeling, which always occurs to us when we read M. Henri Rabusson, and to which we have probably given expression more than once here, we feel rather disposed to rebaptize and refather *Sans entraves*, and call it "M. de Camors fils, par Octave Feuillet le jeune." As usual, M. Rabusson is very far, indeed, from being a servile copyist of his master. The original Camors, as will be remembered, started on a career of trampling on all moral prejudices and exploiting the world—and broke down. André Baron des Fossés, on the other hand, starts on a career distinctly and, according to French ideas, almost outrageously *honnête*. He quits the world and the diplomatic service quite young, marries a penniless girl for love, endeavours to live as a quiet country gentleman happy with his friends and his family, and so forth. And he breaks down, too, but quite early in the book. Then he persuades his wife's bosom friend and his children's governess to elope with him. Deserting his wife for good, he establishes himself in Paris with the beautiful Yvonne, but in such discreet relations that no one knows, and few even suspect, their *liaison*, and sets himself with immediate and growing success to lead a life à la Camors, but adapted to the financial ways of a later period of the century. Under the tutelage of an older adventurer, M. de Tramefort, he becomes a great company promoter and director. Having tired of Yvonne (who, by the way, has a past in the shape of a troublesome English husband), he not merely plants her there, but succeeds in putting her off on old Tramefort as a spotless widow, in direct defiance of a pledge given to Tramefort's son, his dearest friend.

(1) *Sans entraves*. Par Henri Rabusson. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

He forces his wife to consent to a divorce by threatening to take her children away from her, murders Yvonne's first husband, who turns up at an awkward moment, and, being determined to be in all respects *sans entraves*, actually refuses to allow his second wife, a beautiful, rich, and not in the least *niaise*, American girl, to love him, though she is quite prepared to do so. It is probable that M. Rabusson thinks he has "moralized" all this by the conclusion, which may be left to the reader to find out; but it certainly leaves rather a bad taste in the mouth, and, despite remarkable single flashes of character-drawing, it is not in this respect satisfactory as a whole. In no one of his three stages is the hero made quite probable, and the three taken together are discordant patchwork. A worse fault perhaps is in the character of Yvonne, upon whom the author has at first lavished, not merely beauty, but noble birth, mysterious attraction, and altogether unusual wits, only to make her previously the wife of a drunken English boor, and later the ignoble and submissive bait and bonnet of a scoundrelly adventurer, and that not, as sometimes does happen, out of any passionate or spaniel-like devotion to his person.

Both the other novels on our list, though not up to *Sans entraves* in power, are well above the average. M. Cadol does not introduce us to very nice company in *Le roi de la création* (2). But his opening scenes are remarkably fresh, and the character of his unlucky little heroine, not in the least the glorified Magdalen of many novelists, but simply a *bonne fille*, with better nature than luck, is pleasing and pathetic. As for *La maison J. R. Cosseman* (3), it has, like all the work of the author of *Zéphyrin Cassevan*, the attraction of a very odd blending of the amateur and the professional writer. The heroine Andrée, a "doctoresse," has merit; the way in which she first teases and then loves an adorer more devoted than astute is agreeably drawn, and the history of that adorer's duel in her honour will keep a place apart among the myriad duels of the French novelist.

We have seen it stated (without being ourselves prepared to vouch for the fact) that *Madame Chrysanthème* (4) has not hitherto been presented in quite unadorned form, and in the usual "three-fifty" guise. It may be so; and it may not. The book's adornment would not have disguised, and its unadornedness does not much affect, the fact that it is clever, but essentially rather *canaille*; addressed not, indeed, to that public which craves open indecency, but to that which likes suggestions of "fie-fie" dressed up in sentimental and pseudo-picturesque *écriture*. It was an ill day for the French Academy, which had kept out Molière, and Diderot, and Gautier, on pretexts of propriety, when it let in Pierre Loti; nay, we are disposed to think that even Piron—who was a man, and a man of brains—may have felt that to be *pas même* was made more tolerable by this *académicien*.

M. Paul Lefort's Manual of Spanish Painting (5), in the excellent "Bibliothèque de l'enseignement des beaux-arts," has all the merits of the series, and some of its own. The examples, beginning with early manuscripts and ending with Goya and Fortuny, are numerous and excellent; while, heavy as is the loss of colour in this particular school, the extraordinary virility of Spanish drawing and outline makes itself well felt in the black and white.

A tractate of the late M. de Mazade's (6), apparently written a few years ago, and now published separately, endeavours to show that the two neutral neighbours of France, Belgium and Switzerland, have absolutely nothing to fear from the French. "Then you can't mind our remaining neutral," quoth Switzerland and quoth Belgium. The booklet has at this moment an added interest, because of M. de Molinari's recent revival of his scheme, in opposite sense, of a "League of Neutrals."

Mlle. Marguerite Ninet's *French Stories* (7) is arranged on a good old-new plan, the pieces (which are intended for beginners, though not absolute beginners) being not merely extracts from classics or other substantive books, but sometimes original, sometimes adapted from newspaper articles, sometimes translated, and so forth. The book has a vocabulary, and we wish it had not; it has notes, and there is in them a little too much of downright translation. But this latter fault is, to a certain extent, redeemed by a set of exercises on the idioms translated. Of the whole book we think well; it has the indefinable air about it as of an author who knows what is wanted.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

INDIAN Memories, by W. S. Burrell and Edith E. Cuthel (Bentley & Son), is not so much a book of travel as a series of pictured scenes, mutually suggestive and called up, one by one, as if in obedience to the poet's appeal, "Up, Memory! and write its praise." And truly there would seem to be not a little for grateful recollection, since this pleasant little book discloses some of the more agreeable aspects of Anglo-Indian life, which is itself a pleasant feature, and by no means common to books that treat of India from the Anglo-Indian's point of view. Perhaps distant scenes and experiences assume something of a glory, like the past, when revived in memory, and a retrospect of travel has a graciousness of tone that seldom marks a day-by-day journal. It takes no note of the daily alarms and vexations, the intolerable burden of petty discomforts, concerning which most people who travel are sometimes eloquent and generally insistent and tedious. The authors of *Indian Memories* range over no very extensive field; but of all that comes within their range their representation is strong in the pictorial elements and full of spirit and life. They tell of "the coming of the cold" and of the keen joy it brings to every one in the cantonment after the unutterable heat and boredom of the Indian hot season. Of camping out on the hills, and a sojourn at Naini-Tal, they write so feelingly that you are almost persuaded that their experience is yours, and you have made the passage to the delectable land from the drouth and death-in-life of the torrid plains. Charming are the pictures presented in "Cloud-cuckoo Land," in "Under the Tree-Ferns"; in "A Break in the Monsoon," a delightful account of a day's fishing in the Nerbudda valley; and in the description of the queer little temple in the jungle, whose priests were wont to feed the jackals with toothsome *chappattees*, calling the beasts from the surrounding forests to the feast by the sounding of the temple bell. Every evening this pretty charity is enacted, and every evening the jackals of Rohilkund do not fail to present themselves, an orderly pack.

Two Roving Englishwomen in Greece, by Isabel J. Armstrong (Sampson Low & Co.), is beyond all question a travel book, and one of a masterful spirit. We had almost written "a travail book," but that were expressive of our own fears, and the prophetic soul within us dreaming of other young ladies not less adventurous than the author and her companion, though probably much less enduring, who shall be inspired to follow their example. Miss Armstrong's record of travel reads like a victorious progress, yet there is no concealment of the difficulties and discomforts of road in the author's final summary of the journey. Of course there were friendly attempts to dissuade the travellers from spending a week in the wilds of Thessaly. Both English and Greeks warned them of the horrors of the way. They could not understand the project, and marvelled much concerning it, just as Byron's valet, Fletcher, wondered that the poet should leave Italy for a land where there was nothing to eat but "tough billy goat," and nothing to drink but turpentine. But Miss Armstrong was to be deterred by none of these things, and probably would have made light of Hadji Stavros, or rather his successor, had he held the Thessalian passes. Her book is lively and diverting, and her pen-and-ink sketches have a certain topographical value, besides being good illustration of the text.

By their food you may judge the estate of a people. Thus M. Emile Bergerat, whose capital book about Corsica we have Englished as *A Wild Sheep Chase* (Seeley & Co.), discovered that butter is civilization, and rank, ill-smelling cheese the only pure pastoral state. Whether you regard him as a *mouton* hunter or a picturesque tourist, M. Bergerat is a most engaging writer. His book is prettily illustrated, and the English form of it is creditable to the publishers. For those who would winter in Ajaccio it is something to prize, and no bad second to the indispensable *Colomba*, since it should prove helpful in many ways to the tourist.

Mr. Wilmot Harrison's *Memorable Paris Houses* (Sampson Low & Co.) follows, in all respects, the ingenious plan of the author's excellent *Memorable London Houses*, and is not less worthy of the approval of all sentimental travellers. Certainly, no sentiment is more honourable in the traveller than that which is ministered to in these handbooks. The present volume was originally prepared for publication in French, and it is by chance that the English edition precedes the French. Some three hundred and seventy houses in Paris, in which famous persons have lived or died, are dealt with in this book. Many of these are illustrated by sketches either of their portals or of their façades. Some few portraits also are given. The notes on the occupiers of these houses are compact and sufficient, and there are full indexes of names and streets. Some errors, chiefly misprints, we observe in going through the volume. For instance, if Bougainville died

(2) *Le roi de la création*. Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(3) *La maison J. R. Cosseman*. Par Charles Edmond. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Madame Chrysanthème*. Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(5) *La peinture espagnole*. Par Paul Lefort. Paris: Librairies Réunies.

(6) *L'Europe et les neutralités*. Par Ch. de Mazade. Paris: Plon.
(7) *French Stories*. By Marguerite Ninet. London: Blackie & Son.

at No. 5 Rue de la Banque, as the tablet has it, in 1811, and was born in 1729, the illustrious traveller could scarcely have died "at the great age of eighty-eight."

Nine short stories make up the volume *Miss Parson's Adventure*, by W. Clark Russell, "and other stories by other writers" (Chapman & Hall), the other writers being Mrs. Walford, Mrs. Alexander, and Messrs. W. E. Norris, Julian Hawthorne, F. C. Philips, Barrie, and Westall. Here is choice for the fastidious and variety for the indifferent reader. Mr. Russell's story is, of course, a sea-story. It is a good yarn, though somewhat slow in the spinning. Mr. Hawthorne's "Judith Armytage" falls rather flat, after the hint of "black magic" with which it opens. The magician is a poor creature, and the story does not "tell." "The Test of Ridicule," by Mr. F. C. Philips, is smart and telling, and should be turned into a good "curtain-raiser." But we must needs wonder that so experienced a traveller and playwright as Mr. Philips should not know that *mise en scène* means stage-management, and "nothing, nothing, nothing else."

A similar miscellany, though the stories are of slighter texture, is *A Dozen All Told* (Blackie & Son), by Mr. W. E. Norris, Mrs. Alexander, and ten other well-known writers, with a dozen illustrations by twelve artists, whose work is well done, for the most part. The stories are readable, though none is remarkable. "For Money or For Love," by Mona Caird, is the most fantastic of the set, while Mr. Norris, with a story of a too-affectionate dog that yet saved his master's life, and Mrs. Alexander, in "To Paris for Pleasure," make the best display in humour.

A Friend of the Queen (Heinemann) is a translation, in two volumes, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, of M. Paul Gault's memoirs of Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen, a work that should gain many readers in its present form, since it is well translated and got up attractively.

Another translation from the French which is certain of many English readers is Maxime du Camp's *Literary Recollections* (Remington & Co.) in two volumes. Of this version there is not much to be said. The misprints alone prove great carelessness in revision, and the books are anything but comely to look upon.

The excellence of a poet's prose—well, it is a truism to speak of the excellence of a poet's prose. But the rule has exceptions, one of which is afforded by *Prose Writings of Wordsworth* selected and edited by William Knight, LL.D. (Scott). A few passages from the "Convention of Cintra" pamphlet, and not much else, may be said to approach the standard of "poet's prose"; but, for the rest, the prose of the most prosy of great poets is anything but inspiring. Professor Knight finds a "penetrative insight" in Wordsworth's prose, and evidence of powers of mind and heart, of passion and reason, and other beautiful qualities, which were, we admit, in the poet, but exceedingly hard to find in his prose. Even Professor Knight owns that he was excelled as a letter-writer by most of his contemporaries, yet he names Wordsworth with Shelley, Clough, and Matthew Arnold when suggesting the "interesting task" of comparing the poets of the century as writers of prose. This quartet seems an odd selection from a company that comprises Scott and Byron, Coleridge and Southey.

Messrs. Jacob Robinson and Sidney Galpin's *Wrestling and Wrestlers* (Bemrose & Sons) is, as all should know, a fascinating record of the mighty deeds of Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestlers in the palmy days of the sport, when the ring at Carlisle, according to Christopher North, presented a picture as beautiful as the most poetical imagination can create.

All the Year with Nature, by P. Anderson Graham (Smith, Elder, & Co.), is a collection of papers on rural life, somewhat after the manner of the philosopher of Coate, though marked by some observation of nature that is individual, and not without a certain felicity of expression. Indeed, Mr. Anderson Graham is at his best when he is least emulative of Jefferies, as in the pleasant papers on "Knapping Flints" and "Northumbrian Guisards."

My Poor Niece: and other Stories, by Rosaline Masson (Fisher Unwin), is composed of three stories, of which the second—"Da Capo" it is called—is by far the strongest, though all three are well told. The unhappy heroine of this pathetic tale is sketched with considerable power.

Myneer Joe (London: Henderson; New York: Robert Bonner's Sons) is an American "sensational" story, very much more foolish than gay, and chiefly remarkable for containing more abject rubbish than has ever before been written about fencing. The illustrator imagines that duelling swords have sabre hilts.

Among recent school-books we have *Practical Lessons and Exercises in Heat*, by A. D. Hall, M.A. (Rivington, Percival, & Co.), a useful science manual, illustrated with diagrams; *Elementary Arabic: Text and Glossary*, by Frederic De Pre Thornton

(Allen & Co.), based on extracts from the Corân; *Animal and Plant Life*, by the Rev. Theodore Wood (Blackie & Son), being No. VI. of the publishers' excellent "Science Readers"; Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto I.-VI., with notes, &c. (Blackie & Son); and Wilhelm Hauff's *Das Wirtshaus im Spessart*, with notes, &c., by G. Eugène Fasnacht (Macmillan & Co.)

Of Messrs. Dent & Co.'s charming new edition of the novels and tales of Maria Edgeworth we have two additional volumes in *The Absentee* and *Vivian*, with W. Harvey's illustrations.

The new volume of the "Dryburgh" edition of the Waverley Novels is *The Pirate* (A. & C. Black), illustrated by some clever drawings by Mr. W. H. Overend.

Among other new editions we note Mr. F. Wedmore's *Pastorals of France and Renunciations*, one volume (Mathews & Lane); Lord Randolph Churchill's *Men, Mines, and Animals in South Africa* (Sampson Low & Co.); and Mrs. Falcion, by Gilbert Parker (Methuen & Co.)

We have also received *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, by Hugh Miller (Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay, & Mitchell), popular edition; a new edition of Mr. John Bartholomew's excellent *Gazetteer of the British Isles*, with Supplement of the Census of 1891, and other new statistics (Edinburgh: Bartholomew & Co.; London: Simpkin & Co.); *Electricity and Magnetism*, an elementary course, by C. G. Knott, D.Sc. (W. & R. Chambers); *The Geometry of Conics*, an elementary treatise, by Asutosh Mukhopadhyay, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Helen Treveryan; or, the Ruling Race*, by Sir Mortimer Durand, K.C.I.E. (Macmillan & Co.), new edition; *December Roses*, by Mrs. Campbell Praed (Bristol: Arrowsmith); *As Gold is Tried*, by Harriett Boulwood (Jarrold); *Changing Creeds and Social Struggles*, sermons and addresses, by O. F. Aked (Clarke & Co.); *Two Prisoners*, from the German of Paul Heyse (Simpkin & Co.); Dr. Charles Morrison's *Historical Geography*, revised by W. I. Currie, M.A. (Arnold), new edition; *Chemistry for Students*, by John Mills (Sampson Low & Co.), illustrated; *Johnson's Gardener's Dictionary*, Part VII., edited by C. H. Wright and D. Dewar (Bell & Sons); *The Constitution of Man*, by George Combe (Cassell & Co.), new edition; and *The Opinions of a Philosopher*, by Robert Grant (Warne & Co.)

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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